

JANUARY 25c



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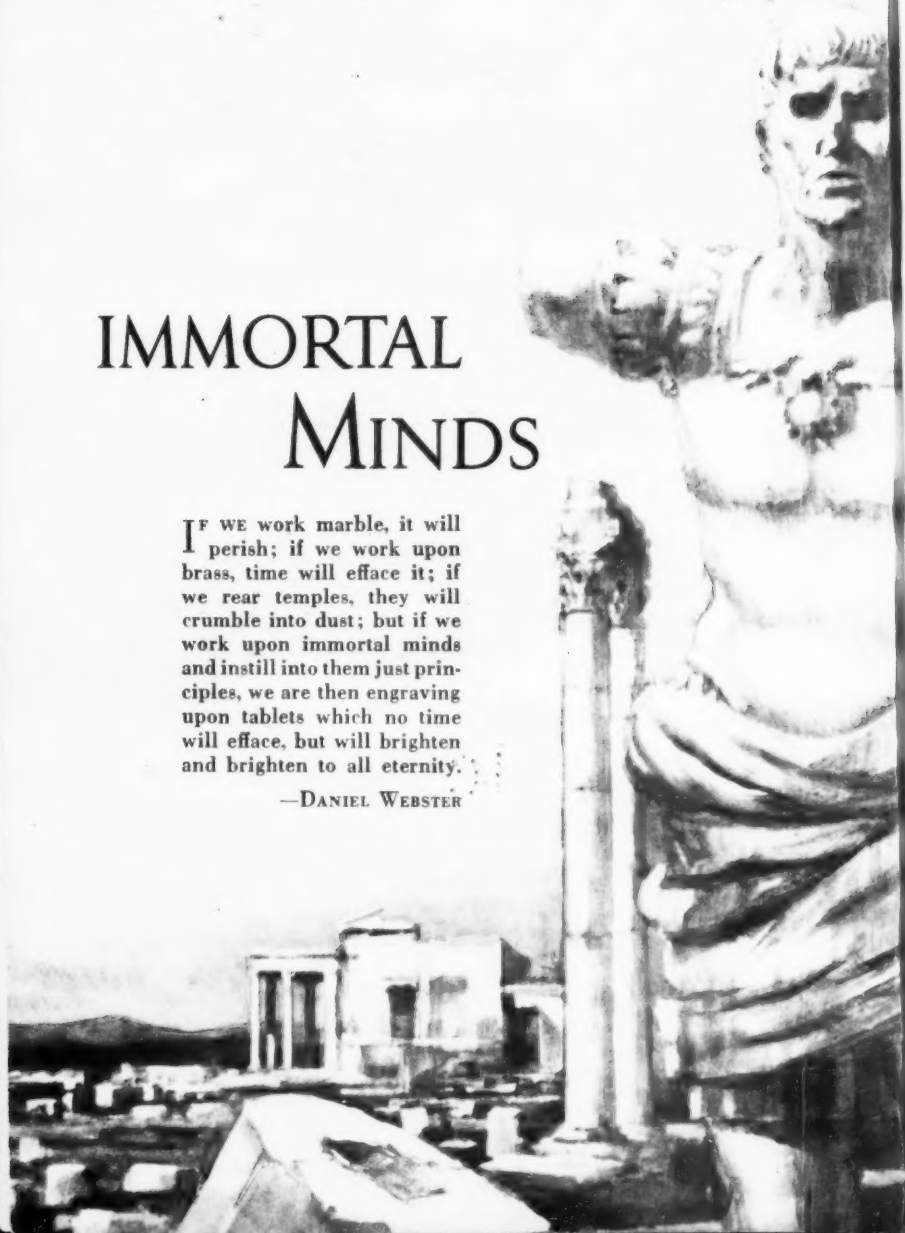
Mrs. Dale Carnegie Tells
HOW TO HELP YOUR HUSBAND GET AHEAD

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IMMORTAL MINDS

IF WE work marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds and instill into them just principles, we are then engraving upon tablets which no time will efface, but will brighten and brighten to all eternity.

—DANIEL WEBSTER







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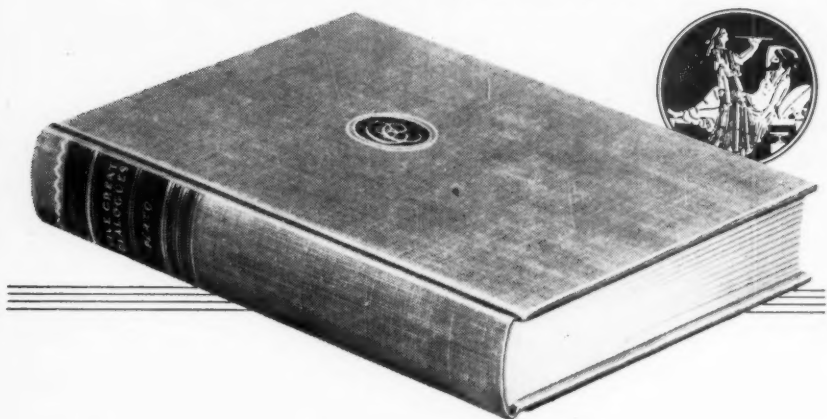
like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. It's this combination of ingredients, working together, that accounts for Anacin's incredibly fast relief. So for really fast relief from pain of headache, neuralgia, or neuritis, get Anacin today.



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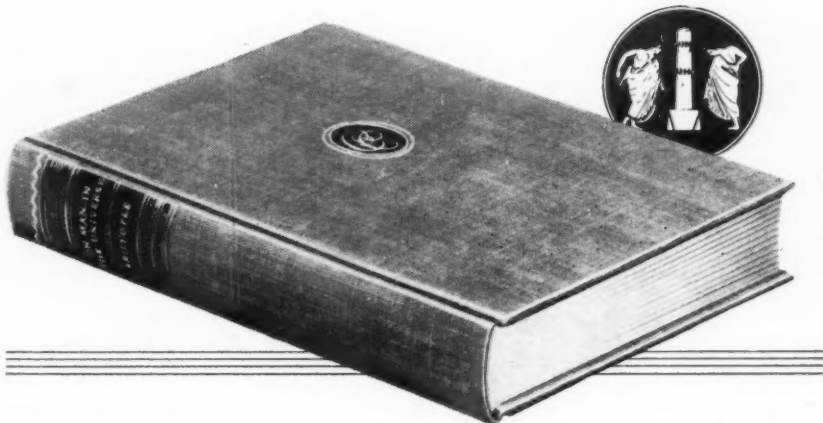
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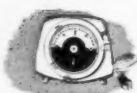
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Coronet's Family Shopper



In response to requests from readers, this first issue of the New Year marks the return of the CORONET Family Shopper. Each month you will find the pages of this feature filled with new and exciting items of interest—items to make life easier and richer for every member of your family. Sometimes, as in this issue, the Family Shopper will feature items of varied uses; at other times, special needs, such as those of the kitchen and of the motorist, will be given emphasis.



THIS electric timer turns home appliances on or off automatically at the desired time. It does not have to be reset after each time-cycle. Light, portable, the Time-All operates on 110 to 125 volts, AC only. Minimum on-off time is one hour; maximum on-off time is 23 hours. \$11.95 from Specialty Products Co., 605 S. W. Washington Blvd., Chicago 12, Ill.



THROW OUT YOUR makeshift sprinklers for dampening clothes for ironing. Here is the new Wilkins all-purpose Home Spray. The nozzle produces a fine mist and can be used for window cleaning and disinfectants, too. The flint-glass container holds one pint. Plastic grip for easy operation. \$1.49, from Selectric Products, Department CO., Lynwood, California.



YOU CAN NOW sit down as you do the family ironing and still have plenty of comfortable leg room. The Proctor Hi-Lo adjustable board can be placed at any height from 24" to 36". Recommended by the American Heart Association, it provides ease from strain, is mounted on rollers for easy moving. \$14.95, from Macy's, Kansas City, Mo., and other department stores.



THIS FOAM-RUBBER mattress folds up for easy storing. The four sections are detachable for triple duty as a bed, a lounging chair, or separate cushions. Folds and carries like a suitcase, 24" by 76" at full length. In two forms—one for house use at \$34.95, the other for camping at \$29.95, from Andco Foam Rubber Products Co., Box 185, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

SHE HATED TO PRACTICE...



TILL WE GAVE HER A

This is a very short story about a girl who found practicing piano dull.

Then, one day she heard someone play the Solovox.* She tried it. In a matter of minutes she was playing beautiful instrumental solo effects—organ, violin, cello, flute and lots more on the Solovox herself.

The picture above tells the rest. Even practice is fun. Playing Solovox has given her a fresh appreciation of all music.

P. S. If you have the same problem, see about a Solovox. It's easy to attach to any piano... won't mar finish or effect playing piano alone. And, you can buy on terms.

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4236 W. Diversey Ave., Chicago 39, Illinois
Without obligation, please send me full information about the Solovox.

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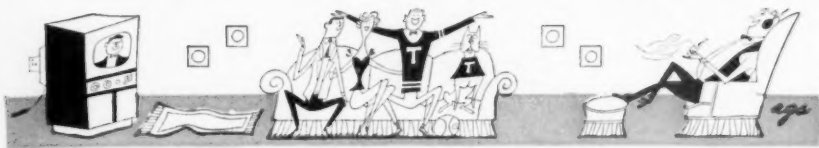
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☐ Check if you also wish full details about the Hammond Organ. *T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Coronet's Family Shopper



WOULD YOU LIKE to take a few minutes to read the evening paper while the family watches television? Then get individual television earphones. Connectors provided for plugging in two sets of phones. One set, with adapter, \$10. Additional sets of phones, \$5 each. Can be attached to almost any set. John Wanamaker, 8th St. and Broadway, N. Y. 3, N. Y.



LOOK, no hands! Now you can see the back of your hairdo without cumbersome hand mirrors. The Mirojoy chair has a pivotal mirror so that you can see your head from any angle. When mirror is lowered out of sight, chair locks in place. In rosedust, beige or turquoise, antique satin or muslin. About \$100, from Reflectone Corp., Furniture Div., Stamford, Conn.



FOR CAMPING OF overnight outdoor trips, you can shave with all the comforts of home. The Norelco "Sportsman" is a self-contained electric shaver, carries its own battery supplies. Comes in a pigskin case, with mirror, an adaptor for plugging in car's cigarette lighter and three flashlight batteries. \$29.95, from Rich's, Inc., Atlanta, Ga., and other department stores.



FATHER can get as much enjoyment from the Oster Airjet hair dryer as Mother. It's a natural as a powerful dark-room dryer. It blows warm or cold air at the flick of a switch; never gets too hot; tilts to any angle. The hair-dryer can be used in the hand, attached to the wall or set on a table. \$19.95, from John Oster Mfg. Co., 1 Main St., Racine, Wisconsin.



IT is almost impossible to avoid spilling fluid when refueling your lighter. The answer is the new Injecto Automatic Cigarette Lighter Fuel Filler. Pump your lighter four or five times on this machine, wipe it before replacing screw and zip!—it's all done. The Fuel Filler holds six ounces. \$5, from Lewis & Conger, 1154 Avenue of the Americas, N. Y. 36, N. Y.



SEALING CRACKS at junctures of walls and bathtubs, stall showers, wash bowls—bathroom surfaces of almost any material—need not be expensive. Tub-Kove kit comes complete with 15 feet of white sealing strip, cement, solvent cement-remover and an applicator. No special tools necessary. \$2.80, from Keller Products, 7039 Superior Avenue, Cleveland 3, Ohio.



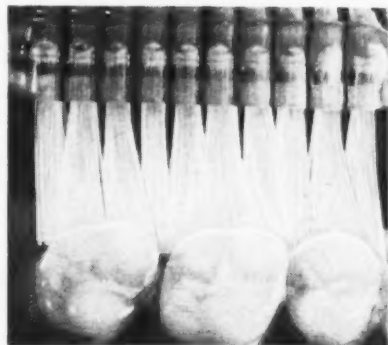
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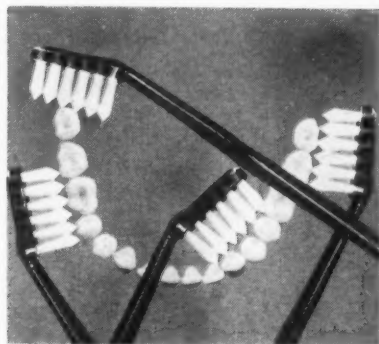
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Picture Proof

that Squibb Angle Brushes
clean your teeth better



Extra slender, flexible bristles of the Squibb "1600" Angle Toothbrush get into tiny crevices coarser bristles seldom reach...are easy on tender gums.



Bent like your dentist's mirror, to help you reach those hard-to-get-at places...an exclusive feature of all Squibb Angle Toothbrushes.



Look for these Squibb packages at your drugstore. Squibb Toothbrushes meet every requirement set by the Journal of the American Dental Association.

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*The priceless ingredient of every product
is the honor and integrity of its maker.*

the Maestro returns!

The living legend and symbol
to the music world,
Arturo Toscanini, has returned
for his seventeenth year with
the Network and will conduct
the NBC Symphony on the
following dates.

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JANUARY . . . 24

FEBRUARY . . . 28

MARCH 7

MARCH 14

MARCH 21

MARCH 28

APRIL 4

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Coronet's Family Shopper



NO ARGUMENTS because of sliding pieces in a chess or checker game with this set! Magnetism holds the pieces to the board; the Staunton type chessmen become checkers when detached. Board is 6" by 8". Large enough for comfortable playing, it folds up to pocket-size. \$3.95, from the Fireside Shop, 916-51 East Wayne Street, South Bend 17, Indiana.



THE "VECTAIRE" electric heater operates on Jet-Convection, therefore can deliver heated air at 135 feet a minute even though there are no moving parts. A special thermostat control setting allows selection of room temperature. The "Vectaire" turns on and off automatically. \$49.95, from Carson, Pirie, Scott and Co., State and Madison Streets, Chicago 3, Illinois.



CARV-RAK is a device for holding turkeys, roasts, hams and other large meats firmly in position while you carve. Made of rustproof Aluminite plate, in silver finish, it has four prongs which grip the meat; four suction cups which grip the platter and prevent sliding. \$1.98, plus ten cents postage, from Cavalier Crafts, Dept. R-112, Barr Building, Washington 6, D.C.



THE KREISLER "Double Feature" watch band combines the attraction of a bracelet-type strap with the practicality of an expansion band. There are two leather insets at either side of watch face, with the expansion band on under side. Comes in tan, brown, or black lizard with yellow gold; gray lizard with white gold. \$12.50, from May Co., Los Angeles, 14, Calif.



HERE IS A clothesline ball-bearing pulley—the only one with a built-in bristle brush that cleans dust off the washline automatically. The line responds to the slightest touch, glides smoothly on ball-bearings even under a full load. Also controls the line, works effortlessly. 75 cents, from William H. Zimbalist, Inc., 262 Greene Avenue, Brooklyn 5, New York.



JOHNNY VALET will hold your bathroom supplies on the inside, cigarette box and ashtray on top, and magazines in the side rack. It will hang on the wall or stand on the floor, is 19" high, 16 3/4" wide, and 6 1/2" deep. The bathroom valet, made of wood, comes in white, green, or pink. \$15, from Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th Street, N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Swiss Alp

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Swiss Alps: chalets on a mountaintop.

TIME WAS WHEN a winter vacation was considered far out of reach for most of us, the special luxury of great wealth. Today, however, bargain rates and an inimitably American urge to try something different have lured thousands of vacationers out during the winter months—and not alone to sunny climes. For with the popularization of winter sports, snowland resorts, here and abroad, have been booming. Brisk and invigorating, days seem to fly in these crystal-white fairylands. A silent, sculptured beauty blankets trees. In the evening, warm companionship and a blazing fire put the cap of contentment on a winter vacation.



Sun Valley, Idaho: horse-drawn sleighs.



Timberline Lodge, Oregon: for skiers, a snow-covered wonderland on Mt. Hood.

NBC-TV's Sunday Night Punch

THE COLGATE CO



Abbott and Costello



Eddie Cantor



Jimmy Durante



Martin a

E COMEDY HOUR



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Martin and Lewis



Donald O'Connor

*and, of course,
other wonderful
guest stars
on every program*

NBC TELEVISION

8:00-9:00 PM EST (Consult your local newspaper for time and channel)

GET

JANUARY, 1954

15

Can't seem to get ENOUGH sleep?

New medical findings revealed! You may actually be "starved" for the RIGHT KIND of sleep

AT BEDTIME and especially during the long nighttime hours without food, your brain may become *starved* for blood sugar, your vital "sleep food." Result: You may feel too nervous to go to sleep, too restless to sleep *well*.

How you can help your body get the "sleep food" it needs. Take something before bed that will help maintain your blood sugar supply. Sweet, sugary foods are too quickly burned up... but the new Postum Nightcap is ideal. Made with



INSTANT POSTUM and hot milk, a drugless Postum Nightcap is good-tasting, safe—helps assure a *slow, steady* supply of "sleep food"... the kind that helps give you more refreshing sleep *tonight*, a brighter, more productive day *tomorrow*.

The new Postum Nightcap is safe and so easy—try one tonight! If the *right* kind of sleep is a problem for you—get yourself a jar of



INSTANT POSTUM and try the new Postum Nightcap tonight. It's easy—just a teaspoon of INSTANT



POSTUM in a cup of hot milk. See if you don't sleep better, *nights*—wake to more energetic *days*. Remember, too, that POSTUM is a great mealtime beverage—no caffeine, no "Coffee Nerves"!

The "SLEEP-FOOD" Nightcap
for sleepless Millions!



A Product of
General Foods

The Fabulous Story of Why . . .

OUR WEATHER IS CHANGING!

by NORMAN CARLISLE

ONE DAY IN AUGUST, 1928, a small plane took off from an airport in Rockford, Illinois. At its controls sat a determined young pilot named "Fish" Hassell, who proposed to fly all the way to Stockholm, Sweden.

Over Greenland, Hassell came to a horrifying conclusion. Somehow he had missed the refueling station that had been set up there. After flying aimlessly for hours, he landed on the desolate reaches of the great ice cap, and he and his co-pilot set out for the coast. It was two weeks before they were found and returned to civilization.

Sixteen years later, a Navy reconnaissance plane was flying over the ice pack. Below, something strange caught the pilot's attention. Later, when a landing was made near it, a puzzled flier found himself staring at that old 1928 plane, nosed over by the wind.

To scientists all over the world the story was more than an inter-

esting news event. For, in the long years in which it had stood there in that desolate frozen waste, the plane should have been buried deep in an icy tomb. The fact that it was not meant that the howling Greenland blizzards were no longer building up the ice cap.

From a staggering mass of continually mounting evidence, most of it the fruit of detailed studies but some of it made up of accidentally-discovered clues such as Hassell's plane, scientists have come up with a stunning answer to the question millions have been asking: Is our climate changing?

Asked that question a few years ago, climatologists could only shake their heads. But now, as new observations pour in, they have to admit that our climate is changing—and it's changing fast.

The world is really getting warmer. Month by month, year by year, the tropics are creeping northward, the great glaciers are melting, the Arc-

tic is slowly coming out of its cold embrace of ice, temperatures everywhere are going up. Long established weather cycles are showing strange variations.

"We know for certain," says Dr. George H. T. Kimble, famed geologist and director of the Meteorological Observatory at Canada's McGill University, "that important changes in the climate are going on at the present time."

Significant was the unusual weather of 1953 which brought discomfort, disaster and death to millions all over the world. Frightful drought in our own Southwest . . . unprecedented downpours on the East Coast . . . Kansas City sweltering in 80-degree heat in March . . . savage tornadoes slashing paths of destruction from Texas to Massachusetts . . . blistering heat waves and drought in South America . . . record rainfalls in dry South Africa . . . fog only the year before in London, so dense that it astonished even the inhabitants of that frequently fog-ridden city.

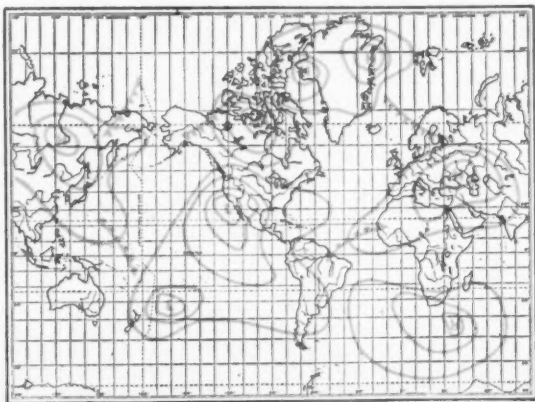
Which of these phenomena can be traced directly to the broad changes in climate, scientists do not know; but all of them fit into the picture of a world beginning a new climatic era.

Some of the most striking evidence comes from the world's great weathervanes: the sheets of ice that still cover 6,000,000 square miles—more than ten percent—of the earth's land surface. In 1900, nine of the 60 glaciers

in Glacier National Park each covered a square mile or more. Today, there is only one big ice sheet left, and it covers little more than half a square mile.

Rivers fed by the "eternal snows" of the mountains of the Pacific Northwest are dwindling as glaciers shrink, a circumstance that causes Dr. Richard Flint, Yale geologist, to conjecture that the communities of that region "can look forward to a time—and not far in the future either—when their power supply will virtually disappear," unless there is a reversal of the present temperature trend.

In Alaska, where the American Geographical Society has been sending annual expeditions to check on glaciers, the changes have been spectacular. When John Muir visited Alaska in 1880, he saw a vast, solid expanse of ice that was later named after him, Muir Glacier. Today, that giant has become 12 small glaciers that are fast disappearing. The wall of ice has receded more than eight miles in one recorded spot. In some places where it once had a thickness of 2,500 feet,



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twice the height of the Empire State Building, it has totally disappeared. Such changes are going on all over the Arctic regions in what the scientists term “the catastrophic disappearance of the ice.”

That fact was dramatically proved in 1952 when the U. S. Coast Guard icebreaker *Eastwind* pushed its way through open water and crumbling ice to a spot only 508 miles from the North Pole—the farthest north a ship had ever penetrated.

Ships now sail into far northern regions around Spitzbergen for seven months of the year, when not long ago navigation was limited to only three months. In Greenland, giant ice packs a mile deep are slowly receding, revealing bare land.

In the Alps, in Europe, hotels built half a century ago in dramatic locations with sweeping views of great glaciers are now without a glacier in sight. In Africa, the snows of Kilimanjaro, once described as “never melting,” are swiftly disappearing, as are those of Mount Kenya.

In a little over half a century, our own Great Salt Lake has lost over half its water. In Africa, Lake Tchad shows a steady drop in its level year after year, as do the Caspian and Aral seas in Asia.

Scientists are impressed by the steady upward march of temperatures in cities all over the Northern Hemisphere. The mean annual temperature has gone up four degrees in Philadelphia in a century, three degrees in New York. In Washington, D. C., below freezing days have been cut by more than a third. In Montreal, sub-zero temperatures are reported to be

only half as common as they were in the last century.

“Nature has, in her plants and animals,” says Alwin Seifert, internationally known ecologist, “more sensitive indicators of climatic change than meteorologists with temperature and rain gauges.”

Astonished botanists are discovering that the flowering locust, once limited to warm parts of the U. S., is appearing in many cold sections of Europe. They trace its progress from original transplants made to warm sections of Southern Russia. In Alaska and northern Quebec there is a steady northward march of trees into barren grounds. Stunted forests are showing spurts of growth. In Norway and Sweden, trees are growing at altitudes where they could not survive before.

Plants imported to climates once considered far too cold for them are showing an astonishing response. For instance, the redwood tree, once a denizen only of the special climate of our West Coast, has been successfully grown in Pennsylvania; in southern Ontario, farmers are even experimenting with raising cotton.

Nature, too, has somehow transmitted to her creatures the information that they can now strike out for new territories. “The climatologists may still be in disagreement with each other regarding the correct interpretation of temperature records, but our wildlife species are not waiting for the conclusions—they’re moving north,” says Dr. Joseph J. Hickey, University of Wisconsin ornithologist.

There have been some astonishing changes in the fauna north of a line drawn between Iowa and New Jersey, he reports. Wildlife once

seldom found above this line, but now in increasing number, includes the opossum, turkey vulture, tufted titmouse, blue-winged warbler and cardinal.

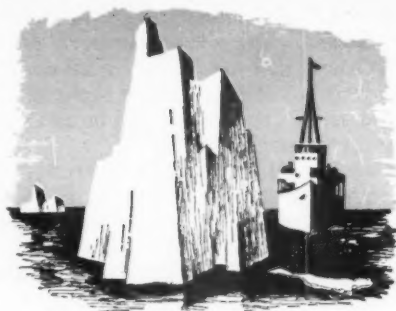
Human beings, too, may be weathervanes that provide striking evidence of climatic change. Studying the effects of climate on people, Dr. Clarence Mills, medical climatologist of the University of Cincinnati, has found that physiological changes are taking place in people. Studies of men and women of college age reveal that the trend toward greater height is now being reversed. At a time when nutritional standards have reached an all-time high, adult stature is showing a definite decline.

A popular belief that girls reach maturity earlier in the tropics has been exploded by long range studies which show that the onset of menstrual periods actually occurs one to two years earlier in the temperate U. S. than it does in the Philippines. Dr. Mills has found that in the past two decades there has been a trend toward delayed maturity for girls in the U. S., showing up first in states in the latitude of the Carolinas, then becoming evident in Ohio latitudes and later in Wisconsin where "it still remains only an indefinite hint."

From this, Dr. Mills concludes that "the same semi-tropical lethargy which earlier engulfed the Mediterranean countries of Europe is today creeping over the United States and Central Europe."

With all this evidence of changing climate, scientists are faced with one great question: Why?

They understand the world's day-to-day weather. They know why



hurricanes roar in from the sea, why tornadoes spin violently across the land, why blizzards rage, why temporary cold waves and heat spells come and go. But they do not know what titanic forces of nature are creating the sweeping long-range climatic upheaval.

Some scientists believe that the earth's growing industrialization may be contributing to its increasing warmth. According to Dr. Gilbert N. Plass, of Johns Hopkins University, industry and transportation in burning oil and coal are adding six billion tons of carbon dioxide to the atmosphere each year. This augments an atmospheric blanket which in turn raises the temperature of the ground in the same manner as a glass roof raises the temperature in a greenhouse.

This rate of increase is calculated by Dr. Plass at about $1\frac{1}{2}$ degrees a century. But at the rate the earth is now becoming industrialized, the year 2080 may find the average temperature up by four degrees.

Other eminent authorities think that more sunlight is hitting the earth because the atmosphere contains fewer dust particles from volcanic explosions. Some advance the idea that great mysterious tides

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deep in the oceans change the flow of water in the warm currents.

Other theories look to sunspot cycles. Still others hypothesize that something strange is going on in the great atmospheric currents that flow high above the earth.

What is ahead for our earth? How far will the climatic change go? Because they do not know the reason for it, the scientists cannot even guess.

There have been sweeping climatic changes before. The Arctic and Antarctic, as we know from coal deposits there, were once steaming tropical forests. At other times, the great shroud of the ice ages has fallen over the earth—and then gone away again. Yet as they piece together the history of our weather-scarred globe, the savants must agree that “the records of the climatic changes of the past offer no guide to predict the future.”

Even if scientists understood the mysterious forces that are now at work, their predictions could fall far short of changes which may lie ahead. For a new factor has entered world weather—man himself. His present efforts to change localized weather, to make rain fall in places where nature did not plan for rain, are puny. But they may be only a start toward more spectacular

changes capable of altering the climates of whole countries.

Beyond the possibility of planned man-made changes there is another one the scientists do not like to think about. While physicists completely scorn the idea that any atomic explosions to date could have affected the weather, there is a chance that H-bombs of the future could make our planet almost uninhabitable.

Suppose, asks Dr. E. O. Allig, Harvard astrophysicist, that 50 or 60 such bombs were exploded within the space of an hour in an area bounded by New York, Chicago and Dallas. The force of that might be enough, the scientist calculates, to change the earth's distance from the sun by a fraction of one per cent. “This deviation would mean a daily temperature change to an average 146 degrees in the temperate zones and an average of 212 degrees in the tropical zones.”

The climate *is* changing, the world *is* getting warmer; but anyone concerned about the possibility that steaming jungles will overwhelm New York or Chicago or London can take heart from the fact that, if we just let her alone, Nature will take at least 10,000 years to change the weather enough so that we will have to make drastic changes in our way of life.

Foresight

AMONG THOSE turning their faces skyward when the first trial balloon flight was staged over Annonay, France, was the U. S. Ambassador to France—Benjamin Franklin. A cynical gentleman



tapped Ben on the arm and commented, “Now what in the world good can a balloon ever be?”

“Well, my friend,” countered Franklin, “of what use is a newborn baby?”

—MARY ALKUS

The Cut-in-Half City

by JACK KESTNER

JOE SMITH FILLED out the check with a feeling compounded of ruefulness and disgust. He inserted it in an envelope and addressed it: Commissioner of Revenue, Bristol, Virginia.

"That makes my twentieth donation to the Old Dominion State in 20 years," he remarked to his wife wryly, "and I've never spent a night in Virginia in my life!"

Joe's position may be unusual but it is by no means unique, as he is one of more than 3,000 citizens of Bristol, Tennessee, who are employed in Bristol, Virginia—and who are therefore required to pay income tax to a state in which they do not live.

Although actually one city, the state line runs down the center of Bristol's main street—appropriately named "State Street"—thus dividing its 34,000 residents into Virginians and Tennesseans. Paying income tax to another state is only one of many odd circumstances which Joe faces while living in the twin city.

When he mailed his check, he had a choice of two post offices—

one on the Virginia side of town, the other in Tennessee. At breakfast, he drank coffee made from fluorinated water. If he had lunch on the Virginia side of town, the water that went into his coffee was fluorine-free.

Should Joe be in a hurry to get to work, he can receive traffic violation summonses from members of two different police forces; but if his place of business catches on fire, two departments will answer his call for help.

If he buys a shirt on the Tennessee side of town, the sales tax collected therefrom goes to Nashville, to be used in some state-operated project. If he buys the shirt on the other side of town, the sales tax lands in the Bristol, Virginia, city treasury.

Yes, life is complicated for Joe—but not nearly as complicated as it is for officials of the twin city who try to solve equitably the problems which lack of foresight by their ancestors made them heir to.

Take the matter of taxation: when the Tennessee Legislature ap-



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proved a state-wide sales tax in 1947, anguished protests rose from the merchants of Bristol, Tennessee. However, the Bristol, Virginia, city government evened matters up by enacting an equal city sales tax.

Nevertheless, not much can be done about the matter of state income tax. The Commonwealth of Virginia has such a tax, Tennessee hasn't. This cloud does have its bright — though illegal — lining. Let's say that Joe actually lived at one time in Bristol, Virginia, and worked there. But he found a good buy in a house on the Tennessee side of town and moved across the state line.

If he continues to work in Virginia he will be required to pay income tax to the commonwealth. And if he continues paying his poll tax, too, he automatically becomes a domiciliary resident and has the right to vote. Since he has a bona-fide address on the Tennessee side, he can pay poll tax there also. Consequently, there are several Joe Smiths in Bristol who could vote illegally in two city elections, two county elections, two state elections — and twice in the national.

COOPERATION BETWEEN the two police forces has, in late years, reached a very high degree. If a man is wanted on either side of town, a quick phone call to the other side results in its police force being on the alert for him.

It was not so in "the good old days," when a man could stagger across the state line with a police officer breathing down his neck. There he could stop, thumb his nose at the officer, standing not more than two yards away and make out-

rageous reference to his ancestry and private life, then saunter casually on about his business. A policeman standing on his side of the street would look politely in the other direction.

To understand such early uncooperativeness it is necessary to know something of Bristol's history. The twin city's growth began when a railroad came down from the North in the 1850's. As the road ended at the Tennessee state line, it was only natural that a city should rise there.

Unfortunately, it was decided that the city be laid out along both sides of one long street. And the state line at that time ran down — not the center of the street, the logical place for it — but the face of the buildings on the Virginia side, thus giving to Tennessee all the main street of a town lying in another state.

For purposes of administration, however, the governments of both towns agreed that the state line within the city limits should be regarded as the exact center of the street. This was fine — except that neither state legislature recognized the agreement.

When the owner of a water works constructed in Bristol, Tennessee, arrived at State Street with his ditches, he saw no reason for not servicing the stores and dwellings on the Virginia side of the street, since he could lay pipe lines right up to their front doors and still stay within his own state — as far as legislatures were concerned anyway.

His plan brought wrathful complaints from Virginia officials, who were building their own water works. An injunction was issued to prevent invasion, and workmen

digging the State Street ditch were thrown into jail.

The ensuing struggle for rights of way resulted in the issue being brought before the United States Supreme Court, but that august body decided that the State line should remain where it was, along the face of the Virginia buildings—which left things right where they started.

It remained for Tennessee to settle the matter, in 1903, by ceding to the Commonwealth of Virginia the northern half of State Street.

Local option presented some interesting problems to a city located half in one state and half in another. The Tennessee side went "dry" first, while bars on the north side did a roaring business. Then Bristol, Virginia, went dry—only to see its sister city turn wet a short time later.

For nearly 15 years tipplers of Bristol wended their way back and forth across State Street. Finally, both sides went dry.

In 1943, Virginia passed a law permitting Sunday movies, but movie operators on the Tennessee side got no action until 1949, at

which time similar opening hours were permitted.

Only recently the question of fluorinated water came up—with Tennessee deciding to use it but Virginia declaring it "not feasible at the present time."

Bristol, Tennessee, is the only city of its size in the nation without a hotel, a railroad station, or a bus depot—they are all in Bristol, Virginia. On the other hand, Bristol, Virginia, has no country club or public library—they are on the other side of the state line.

Until 1952, when a multi-million dollar hospital was built in Bristol, Tennessee, all the twin city's hospitals had been located on the Virginia side. Because of this, even the most avid Tennessean (if he was a Bristolian) was forced to admit that he had been born in Virginia.

Paralleling this fact was the matter of cemeteries. For many years, the only public ones were located in Tennessee. This gave rise to the Tennessean's altogether accurate comeback: "You may have been born in Virginia, son, but you'll end up in Tennessee!"

On Climbing Mountains



TALKING with the great philosopher, John Dewey, several months before his 90th birthday, a young doctor blurted out his low opinion of philosophy. "What's the good of such clap-trap?" he asked. "Where does it get you?"

Dewey said quietly, "The good of it is that you climb mountains."

"Climb mountains?" retorted

the youth, unimpressed. "And what's the use of doing that?"

"You see other mountains to climb," was the reply. "You come down, climb the next mountain, and see still others to climb." Then, gently, Dewey said, "When you are no longer interested in climbing mountains to see other mountains to climb, life is over."

—MAX OTTO in *Progressive*

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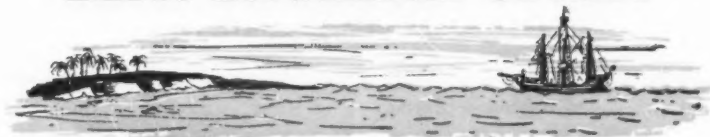
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Mrs. Robinson Crusoe



by DON MCNEILL

ONE OF THE LONGEST and loneliest exiles ever survived by a human being began on a day of summer storm of 1836. This survivor, amazingly, was a woman . . .

Captain George Nidever's ship tossed at anchor off the desolate cliffs of San Nicolas Island. Nidever, commissioned by the Mexican government to bring the Indian inhabitants of this rugged coastal island back to California missions, had loaded his passengers and was about to set sail.

But in the confusion, a young Indian mother had become separated from her small son; and now she ran to the captain crying, "My child is being left behind! I must go back and get him!" With that she leaped over the rail and fought her way ashore through the towering surf.

They waited four hours, unable to risk a landing party because of the rising storm. Then Captain Nidever turned to the priest beside him. "We'll have to leave her, Padre," he said. "Otherwise the storm will carry us on the rocks."

"You are right," the priest agreed. "But we will return in a few days when the sea is calm again."

Those few days, however, lengthened into years. Nidever's ship was

wrecked before he could return, no sign of life was seen on the island and gradually the woman was given up for lost.

Then, in the early 1850's, a report reached Santa Barbara that a hunting party had come upon strange footprints on supposedly uninhabited San Nicolas.

Recalling the tale of the Indian woman, searchers set out for the island. They made two unsuccessful trips. They tried again, and this time a weird figure in a dress of pelican and sea-gull feathers came timidly to meet them. It was the lost mother who had remained hidden until she was sure they meant no harm.

Tears of joy were in her eyes but she said no word. Though she had managed to survive on herbs, roots and small animals, the 18 years of solitude had robbed her of the power to speak.

They welcomed her in Santa Barbara like a visiting queen, christening her Juana Maria. Later, the primitive yet beautiful dress of sea birds' feathers was displayed in the Vatican as a tribute to the mother love of this incredible woman. And what of her son? Wild animals had probably found the child and killed him, while Juana Maria was swimming ashore.

WALL STREET WOMAN

by JANA GUERRIER

Columnist Sylvia F. Porter discusses economics in bread-and-butter terms

ONE DAY LAST APRIL, discerning readers of a New York evening newspaper received a jolt. While the paper's editorial page declared that living costs were soaring, following the lifting of government price controls, its financial columnist happily announced that prices were remaining steady.

While some readers scratched their heads and wondered, this was an old story for daily followers of Sylvia F. Porter, the nation's best-known woman financial writer. Ever since her column began 15 years ago, this glamorous economist has been disagreeing with experts and editors. And only rarely has she emerged second-best from such encounters.

Moreover, she seems to thrive—personally and professionally—on these tussles. At 40, Sylvia is an unharried, attractive brunette with a youthful figure, a ready smile and dark hair cut short. She looks more like a charming young housewife than someone who has built a minor newspaper job into a column that is syndicated in 65 newspapers, with a combined circulation of five million. And she has enough energy left over to manage her roles as wife and mother, write popular books on investments and savings and edit a newsletter on government finance.

But the little-girl air and the ready smile disappear when she sits



down to her typewriter and starts on another campaign, such as the one against the Western wool growers a few years ago. Believing their demand for a high tariff on wool was contrary to the nation's foreign economic policy, she called the wool growers' attitude close to "treasonous." Next morning the irate editor of a big Western newspaper phoned her in New York to say he was not renewing the contract for her column. It was typical of Sylvia that she neither altered her stand nor retracted her accusation.

On another occasion, when she disliked a ruling made by former Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, she wrote: "Who is this obstinate, stupid, ill-advised Secretary of the Treasury?" Some years later, Sylvia met Morgenthau, but it was not until several months had passed

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that he discovered the pretty young woman was the same S. F. Porter who had written the column blasting him. Since then, they have become friends and each year on her birthday, he sends flowers.

Others meeting Sylvia for the first time have been just as surprised as was Morgenthau, but for another reason. Sylvia, in person, is far different from the solemn photo which appears above her column. The reason for the difference is that readers apparently think that an economist never smiles. Not long ago, when Sylvia tried substituting a more flattering photo, readers quickly complained: "How can you write such a serious column when your picture shows a big happy smile?" Reluctantly, Sylvia switched back to the original photo.

ODDLY ENOUGH, being an attractive woman was, for a long time, Sylvia's greatest handicap. Although her articles were appearing in the *American Banker* and other Wall Street magazines under the signature S. F. Porter, no one guessed the writer was a woman.

"Most editors never hired a woman," she says.

Finally, Sylvia went to Harry B. Nason, Jr., then managing editor of the *Post*, and asked for a job. He agreed to let her write three articles a week at space rates. Two months later she was hired as a full-time reporter.

Still, her columns appeared under the vexing byline, S. F. Porter—the editor theorizing that readers would pay no attention to anything a woman wrote about economics. Finally, in 1942, four years after her column started, "S. F." became

"Sylvia F." One steady letter writer began his next note with "Darling," instead of his customary "Dear Mr. Porter."

Unlike many financial writers, Sylvia has a knack for explaining economics to the average reader. She does this partly by avoiding economic jargon ("What do those appallingly technical multi-syllable words mean?") and partly by deflating economists who specialize in double-talk ("Oh, nuts! Let the economists drown in their own definitions").

At other times, she comes to the defense of her sex. One economist who made teasing comments about the "little woman" provoked an outburst: "I think I'll burst at the seams of my fragile dress the next time a coy male implies that the 'little woman' can't balance a checkbook. With most women in America managing all or the biggest part of the salary, what do these coy males think we do with our checkbooks? Use them to write notes to the milkman?"

Yet she is just as quick to confess when she doesn't know the answer. To one inquiry about the Russian peace drive, Sylvia replied truthfully: "On the military angles of Russia's 'peace' offensive, I dare not comment. I know no more than any other newspaper reader."

Occasionally, she bluntly reminds her colleagues of important facts she thinks they are forgetting: "*Recession, levelling off, readjustment . . . Bafflegab!* Not one of these high-sounding definitions hits home to you and me, as individuals—because not one recognizes the simple essential fact that when a man loses his job and finds it tough to get

another, he feels he is in a *depression* and doesn't care what the experts say he is in."

Scarcely a day goes by that Sylvia doesn't receive at least a dozen letters seeking advice—on everything from managing the family budget to arranging a mortgage on a new home. To these requests she applies the same logic she uses on problems of government finance.

To one reader who sent a seven-page itemized family budget and asked for suggestions, she confessed that it was excellent and added in admiration, if not envy, "You're wonderful. I don't know how you did it."

Another reader who earned a small salary and wondered whether he should marry, was told: "I can only reaffirm my faith in this country and say that I see no reason why young people should hesitate to marry in view of the opportunity offered in the U. S. today."

In 1952, when she was beginning to prepare her income tax report, she decided to help her readers by writing a series on the same subject. In her final column, she urged them to send their gripes about the income tax laws, and more than 2,000 angry readers responded. The result was a follow-up series, recommending reforms in the federal tax laws, especially to equalize the status of working wives and mothers.

ALTHOUGH FINANCIAL REPORTING has netted Sylvia Porter three awards from the New York Newspaper Women's Club for "the best column written by a woman in any field," she entered economics by

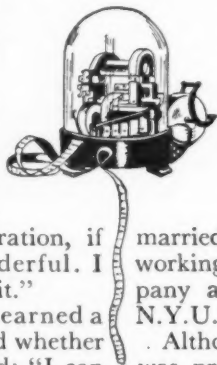
chance. In 1929, while she was an undergraduate at Hunter College, the stock market collapsed. With it went most of the money that her father, a doctor, had left to the family upon his death.

Because no one could explain why "we were no longer comfortable, but poor," Sylvia switched her major from English ("I was going to be a great novelist") to economics. In 1932, she graduated from Hunter with honors in economics and a Phi Beta Kappa key. While in college she married R. R. Porter, who was working for the Irving Trust Company and studying economics at N.Y.U. by night.

Although landing a job in 1932 was practically impossible, Sylvia read the want ads daily. One day, while sitting in the Automat, she spied a notice saying a new investment firm, Glass & Krey, was opening an office. Sylvia dashed off to apply. The Phi Beta Kappa key, dangling eye-catchingly from a chain around her neck, landed the job. The boss had always wanted to hire "one of those," and Sylvia had a \$15-a-week position with the lofty title of assistant-to-the-president.

After two years, she moved on to jobs with various financial concerns. From these, Sylvia gained experience which she put to use writing articles for the *American Banker* and the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*—in themselves planned as stepping stones to her real goal, the column.

Today, aside from her column, Sylvia keeps busy turning out magazine articles. She has also found time to write two books and to



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collaborate with J. K. Lasser, the tax expert, on two others, *How To Live Within Your Income* and *Managing Your Money*.

In 1941, Sylvia and her husband decided their marriage "just wasn't working" and they were quietly divorced. Two years later, she married her present husband, G. Sumner Collins, promotion manager of the *New York Journal American*. The couple has a three-year-old daughter, Cris, described by her mother as a "wonderful little doll and the world's No. 1 consumer of lollipops."

Since Sylvia and her husband work on rival newspapers, Collins prevents friction by leaving his work at the office. Not long ago, when he took a survey on the popularity of financial columnists and found that Sylvia did not head the list, he wisely solved the problem by simply not telling her.

On January 4, 1934, Sylvia began writing a weekly column on government bonds for the *American Banker*. One night Collins, impatiently waiting for dinner while Sylvia answered letters to her column, suggested that she start a weekly newsletter. For a total outlay of \$60, Collins launched a promotion program offering clients a weekly letter for \$40 a year. Today, the letter is the most widely

circulated of its type in the country.

From the start, the letter was a family corporation, with Collins as publisher, Sylvia as editor and her mother as business manager. Because a fourth officer was needed, "Saguenay's Michael," the Collins' dog, became secretary. To this day, his initials appear on all corporate correspondence.

Despite the fact that she can handle millions of dollars in her newsletter, Sylvia has never devised a budget for herself. Her husband laughs at her attempt which, he says, consists of "a kitty into which she dumps some money. When it runs out, she just adds more."

Perhaps it is just feminine foibles which have kept Sylvia from becoming an ivory-tower economist. And it may be her femininity which causes her to disagree—usually successfully—with the male experts. Whatever the reason, Lasser goes along with her readers in accepting her philosophy that "brains have no sex." Of Sylvia he says:

"I frequently start an argument with her—it isn't hard to start one—just to get a discussion going. I can learn more from arguing with her for a few hours than with anyone I know. She knows her field, she knows how to write. And that is an unbeatable combination!"

Letter Perfect



A MOTHER was very worried because she had not heard for several weeks from her son at boarding school. Eventually, however, she received a letter which read: "Dear Mother: They are making us write to our parents. Love, Jack."

—Answers

Take Your Ideas to Department Stores

by RALPH LAZARUS
Executive Vice-President, Federated Department Stores, Inc.

Many people have made money by designing and selling unusual consumer items

WHILE DRYING HER dinner dishes one day, Mrs. Marguerite Mergantime of New York had a bright idea. Endlessly, it seemed to Mrs. Mergantime, she had to dry dishes; and each time she picked up her dull, colorless towel, her distaste for the chore grew.

"If only," she thought, "instead of plain, lifeless-looking towels, I had cheery, colorful ones. Why, they'd be fun to work with. And other women might like to buy them."

Mrs. Mergantime began experimenting with sketches and finally settled on a design of jolly red geraniums. Friends bought some of her towels and she sold a few more through advertising in her club magazine. Then she sent samples to two manufacturers, who promptly returned them unopened, explaining:

"Our policy is never to look at items submitted to us by unknowns. If we did we might be sued for stealing them."

Mrs. Mergantime was about to drop the whole thing when a friend made a suggestion: "Why not ask

your local department store for advice and help?"

"They won't be interested," was her discouraged reply.

"Department stores do want ideas—if they have what it takes," the friend insisted.

Mrs. Mergantime called Abraham & Straus in Brooklyn and made an appointment to see Parker Brown, a merchandising official. After examining her samples, he explained what kinds of towels had sold best in the past and those he felt might sell in the future. Then, pointing out "bugs" in her own, he suggested ways of eliminating them.

Mrs. Mergantime used this professional know-how to prepare a group of six of her towels in varied colorings. (Groups of small items, stores have found, sell best.) She developed an eye-catching package which A & S named "Jolly Geraniums." (Good packages and smart names often turn routine ideas into big sellers.)

The store bought the design, arranged for quantity production and, before the season ended, had sold 250,000 and helped to extend

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"Jolly Geraniums" to kitchen drapes, aprons and cookie cans. And, since department stores keep a weather eye on each other's successful promotions, it wasn't long before the idea that started in Mrs. Mergantime's kitchen was being widely sold from coast to coast.

Examples of similar cooperation between Americans with bright ideas and their local department stores occur frequently, and for good reason. A large department store may carry as many as 200,000 items, yet its success depends on the constant introduction of new products. The store itself can seldom create them. Most come from small manufacturers, who often get them from ideas of amateurs.

A college girl came into the Boston Store in Milwaukee a few seasons ago with an original design for "a sloppy cardigan and slip-over in a broad knit with push-up sleeves." The store's Ann Irwin, alert as are most buyers to merchandise trends throughout the country, explained that no such item was available and suggested a survey of girls who might buy them.

The student followed through and Ann Irwin was convinced, but manufacturers were not. Nevertheless, she persisted, and the idea eventually produced the Topnotcher Sweater, a best-seller.

Vernon Eisel, of Levittown, Long Island, then a young government clerk whose wife had given birth to twin girls, was also store-directed to a manufacturer who successfully launched an idea. One of his twins had difficulties turning her head, and the doctor held out no hope for improvement. Eisel thought that exercise might strengthen her neck

muscles, so he strung a chain across the crib, with rings and bells and strings dangling irresistibly before his child's eyes. Turning her head to watch the fascinating plaything strengthened the baby's neck.

Realizing that the device might help other children, Eisel went to see Hammacher Schlemmer, New York's big housewares and gift store, with a model of his idea. They told Eisel his device was not in their field but suggested he see F.A.O. Schwarz, the Fifth Avenue toy store. They liked it, referred him to Childhood Interests, a toy manufacturing concern, who, after trying it with babies, made up 2,000. These brought in so many orders that it was two years before production could equal demand.

More than 6,000,000 have since been sold, through department stores all over the country, including Gimbels, Macy's, Saks Fifth Avenue and B. Altman & Co.

A Swedish emigrant who called on the Gift Shop buyer at Filene's in Boston with an unusual three-legged, hand-carved stool, was told: "Your design will be more appealing if you do it in these new decorator colors which are now popular—and if you fix them so that they stack easily, an essential for space-limited apartment dwellers."

The buyer's suggestions made the difference between a good amateur idea and a saleable item. A manufacturer of occasional furniture arranged to produce the re-designed product which became a very successful line.

Her interest in people's hands moved Mrs. Kay Fuchs of Great Neck, Long Island, to create some highly unusual gloves out of odd

materials like red pigskin and brown fur. Friends were intrigued, but did not buy. Bloomingdale's in New York spotted the "bug" immediately.

"You have a high-style, custom product," she was advised. "The women who might buy your gloves are in the leisure group. That means long fingernails. Keep to regular glove sizes, but make the fingers longer than normal, and we might be interested."

Mrs. Fuchs re-designed her gloves, got an order and, with her husband, John, a former electrical engineer, set up a business which now grosses \$500,000 a year.

Miss Bert Singer, who had come to America from Austria, called on Filene's sportswear buyer, Leonard Coppleman, with some unusual knitting. He found her work exceptional, but geared entirely to European tastes. Taking her around his department, he pointed out slow- and fast-selling designs and colors and explained what seemed likeliest to be popular the following season.

Miss Singer, guided by what she learned, started farming out hand-knitting in her home community of West Bridgewater, Massachusetts, was subsequently introduced to the Associated Merchandising Corporation, purchasing agency for 26 department stores, and today has her own humming factory, Nivis Sportswear.

Mrs. Hannah Drake, watching her daughter's struggles while bathing and dressing her first child, devised a terry-cloth coverall which has large, divided pockets with plastic removable lining to hold a baby's change of clothing, plus bottle, pins and even toys thrown out of

the tub. Encouraged by her daughter's enthusiasm, Mrs. Drake took the coverall to Best & Co. in Manhattan, which promptly gave her a large order and asked when they could expect delivery.

"But I'm not in business," Mrs. Drake said.

"Well, you should be," the buyer told her, "You have something very worthwhile here."

Mrs. Drake went into business next day. Her coveralls, called "All-For-Tots" and selling for \$4.95, are now made in her own workshop in Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

Gerald Sud called on the lingerie buyer at Foley's in Houston, Texas, with samples of fine underthings in nylon, rayon and other fabrics.

"Workmanship is excellent, materials and designs unsuitable," buyers told him. "Why don't you go more extensively into a variety of cottons for year-round use?" Their suggestion did the trick. Sud produced a number of items in cotton, Foley's introduced them, and they proved popular. Today, the store carries a great number of Sud's styles, nearly all in cotton, and Sud is a rising manufacturer.

OCCASIONALLY a store turns the tables on the non-professional and goes after his idea. An Abraham & Straus fabric salesman was told about an Alabama woman, Mrs. Ruth Lawrence, who had invented a device to remove sewing stitches from fabric.

The store began long-distance negotiations, and two months later Mrs. Lawrence's idea, named Rip-A-Seam, was introduced with press interviews, a television show and a fortnight of store demonstrations.

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The result: two sewing machine companies, Sears Roebuck and other stores now sell Rip-A-Seam, and steady profits are certain for Mrs. Lawrence.

Not every amateur idea, of course, has department store possibilities. But if you have an idea for a product you think is good and you want department store help, keep in mind these ten points:

1. Choose a store which specializes in your type of idea.

2. Shop the store carefully before seeking an appointment. Compare advantages, disadvantages and price range of products like yours.

3. Write out your idea in full, emphasizing handmade, individualized and other features that can make it saleable. Provide proof the idea is yours exclusively. Note that you will trust the store's integrity and reputation and offer to sign a release, if necessary. You will find that this will enhance your welcome and that good stores will deal fairly with you.

4. Be sure you have developed your idea as far as possible and have worked out the answers to likely questions.

5. Try to determine exactly what it will cost to manufacture your

item. If it is not less than half the retail prices of things you have already seen, you haven't a chance.

6. Find out the name and title of the person you should see, then write for an appointment.

7. Be ready to leave a sample, properly tagged and accompanied by a clear, written, working description.

8. If your item is something you are going to make yourself, be prepared to guarantee when you can deliver specific quantities. Since department stores generally sell in quantity, it may be better to go to gift or specialty shops with one-of-a-kind items.

9. If a store recommends you to a manufacturer, you will be expected to make your own arrangements on selling, leasing on a royalty basis or sharing costs and profits.

10. If you fail to get a favorable response or recommendation to a manufacturer, don't give up. Ask for advice and suggestions. Most stores will help you.

Bear in mind that department store people have highly varied viewpoints. One's success is often another's clearance-sale item—and backed by your efforts, yours may be just the idea that clicks.

These Days . . .

WITH TAXES what they are, one doesn't have to pass a Civil Service examination to work for the Government.

IT ISN'T ALWAYS CLEAR what our role on the international scene is these days, but the part being played by our "roll" is obvious.

ASKING THE BOSS for a raise is a patriotic duty these days. The government needs that additional tax on your salary.

ONE OF THE BEST WAYS to learn to think fast on your feet is to cross a street against the light.

—Wall Street Journal



IN THE MOUNTAINS OF East Tennessee, I see the selling of store-bought whisky is illegal, because we feel that it is necessary to protect our home industries. A revenuer was raiding the moonshining stills in this little section of the mountains and he walked up to a little boy and asked him, "Son, where is your paw?"

The little boy said, "I don't know."

"Well, where is your maw?"

The little boy said, "I don't know."

The revenuer said, "I will give you a quarter if you will tell me where they are."

The little boy said, "Okay, mister, they are up at the still taking off a run of whisky."

The revenuer thanked him and started up the trail, and the little boy yelled, "Mister, if you don't mind I wish you'd give me my quarter now."

The revenuer turned around and said, "What's the trouble, son, don't you trust me?"

He answered, "Yes, sir, I trust you, but you're never comin' back no more."

ON A RECENT TRIP into the mountains of Tennessee, I came upon an old mountaineer living in a little one-room cabin on a couple of acres of rocky ground on the side of a mountain, and I said, "It must be really hard to get even the necessities of life here."

He turned around, looked at me



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and said, "Yep, it sure is, and when you get 'em, they ain't fittin' to drink."

A CITY FELLOW ASKED a little mountain boy the way to town. "Son, which way do I go?"

The little boy said, "I don't know, Mister."

"Well, do I go left or right?"

"I'm sorry, but I don't know."

"Well, how far is it, son?"

"I don't know, Mister."

The city fellow became exasperated. "You don't know a damn thing, do you, son?"

The little boy looked at him and said slowly, "Well, I ain't lost!"

ONE NIGHT, after the elections in 1952, I was driving through East Tennessee and even though this was my native heath I became lost. I walked up to the door of a little cabin alongside the road to inquire my whereabouts.

The door opened and a big mountaineer said, "What are you doing around here?"

I said, "I'm lost and I'm trying to find my way to Knoxville." I also hastened to explain that I was born in Johnson City, Tennessee, and was really kinfolks.

"You don't look like no kinfolks to me," he said. "You look like a big fat Yankee." But my remark about being from around that section softened him up some and he

added, election

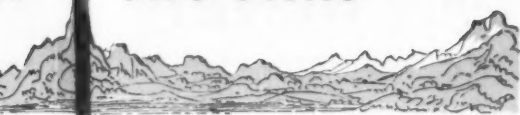
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added, "By the way, how did the election come out?"

It had been several weeks since the election, and I was amazed that he asked. I might say here that East Tennessee is a very strong Republican section; outside of Vermont and New Hampshire one or two counties in Tennessee are among the strongest sections in the country. I said, "Don't you take the newspapers around here?"

"Yep," he said, "we take 'em, but the Democrats won't read 'em to us."

A FRIEND AND I WERE ON a fishing trip in the mountains near Knoxville, Tennessee. We had been fishing all morning and had stopped in at a little country store, the type that still has the wheel of cheese sitting out on the counter and the loose crackers in the barrel. We were probably the only customers the old man had had all day and he seemed to be in a very talkative mood. Finally we asked him what he thought was the weather outlook for later on in the day.

He replied: "I don't rightly know, but I was just over to the cabin a little while ago and heard the weather report on the radio. It said it was going to be fair and clearing this afternoon. Of course, I don't guess you can pay any attention to it because it was just a little old cheap radio."

ONE OF THE GREATEST long-time jinxes in football seems to exist in the Tennessee-Kentucky series. Since 1925, only once has Kentucky been able to defeat the University of Tennessee, and there have been several great Kentucky teams. Several years ago Kentucky, again, was *supposed* to win by a large score, but Tennessee, as usual, pulled the game out of the fire, winning 6-0.

A Kentucky player was walking off the field after the game, half crying, half cursing, and a Tennessee boy was walking beside him. Finally the Kentucky player slammed his headgear down on the ground and cried, "Just wait until next year; we'll beat you next year, you'll see!"

"Aw, shut up," replied the Tennessee player, "that's what your pappy said."

A LITTLE MOUNTAIN BOY'S PAW WAS taking him into town for the first time. The boy had never seen electric lights before, and just at dusk they cleared the brow of the hill with their wagon.

He looked down at the little town nestled there in the valley—there must have been at least three or four hundred people living in it, and it was all lit up.

And the little boy turned around to his paw, his eyes shining, and said, "Doggone, Paw, it looks like the whole world's done gone 'possum hunting."

—From *The Herman Hickman Reader* by
HERMAN HICKMAN. Simon and Schuster, Inc., N. Y.,
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Who Was Patience Worth?

by LOUIS WOLFE

A St. Louis housewife was the medium of a still unexplained psychic phenomenon

WORKING A OUIJA BOARD with a friend on a July day in 1913, Mrs. Pearl L. Curran, St. Louis housewife, watched the pointer spell out this message: "Many moons ago I lived. Again I come. Patience Worth is my name."

"When did you live, Patience Worth, and where do you come from?" Mrs. Curran asked skeptically. No believer in supernatural twaddle, she was sitting at the board only to please her friend.

The pointer slowly moved to the number one, then to the six, four and nine—signifying the date 1649. Continuing on to letters, it spelled out: "From England across the sea. Could I but hold your ear for the lesson I would teach!"

Thus emerged Patience Worth, one of the most baffling psychic phenomena of our times. From that day until Mrs. Curran, the only person who seemed capable of receiving the messages, died in 1937, thousands of pages of witticisms, proverbs, prayers, plays and novels poured forth from this mysterious "woman of another world."

Patience Worth at first communicated in modern English but later changed to archaic

dialect. In the first five years, she wrote 1,600,000 words, and though her writings were published as originally dictated by Mrs. Curran, they were studded with philosophic depth, accurate historical knowledge and sharp wit, as well as a genius for expression.

This phenomenon was all the more remarkable in view of the fact that Mrs. Curran's family was not highly educated. Her own education had ended in high school, her traveling was limited to the Mississippi Valley, and her intimate association with travelers to Europe or with *litterati* was nil.

At first the messages came slowly and were laboriously spelled out letter by letter, as Mrs. Curran sat at the Ouija board with another person. Later, however, when Patience communicated whole words to Mrs. Curran's "spiritual ear," the board was discarded; and Mr. Curran, who recorded the messages in longhand, often could not get them down because his wife rattled them off so rapidly. In fact, years later, even professional shorthand experts could barely keep up with Mrs. Curran because she averaged thousands of



words

Mrs. Curran's clear voice, whether in her laboratory or in her home, was always sharp and clear. Mrs. Curran

Although she was tired of two years with Patience, she was sure that the other features of

While she saw the ocean while dramatic acting in the screen talk, saw the odd above Patience

In spite of her surroundings and abrupt entry into the world of Oxford, she realized that what was logical

One of the things that Patience had in her literary Hamlet

words in sittings three hours long.

Mrs. Curran was never in a trance and her mind was crystal clear while receiving messages, whether she dictated before guests in her living room or a packed auditorium. Provided she was emotionally calm, she could make contact with Patience at any time and start dictating immediately. Only a sharp noise or speech directed at Mrs. Curran severed contact.

Although receiving messages never tired her, Mrs. Curran was aware of two sensations while in contact with Patience; one was a slight pressure at the top of her head; and the other was seeing movie-like pictures of the scene described.

While dictating a poem, she said she saw a dense forest, a star-studded sky, a sweeping view of the ocean or any other fitting scene; while dictating a novel, vast panoramas with characters talking and acting in appropriate settings filled the screen. She heard the characters talk, saw them move about, smelled the odor of the countryside; but above all she heard the voice of Patience Worth.

In spite of the aura of mysticism surrounding Patience, critics here and abroad lavishly praised her literary works. Dr. F. C. S. Schiller, noted philosopher and psychologist of Oxford University, acknowledged her amazing facility with archaic words when he said: "We realize that we are face to face with what may fairly be called a philosophical marvel."

One of the highest literary honors of that time was conferred on Patience by the Joint Committee of Literary Arts of New York, of which Hamlin Garland, renowned fiction

writer, was chairman. In 1918, she was named by the committee as one of the outstanding authors of the year and was invited to a reception held at the National Arts Club. William Lyon Phelps, Amy Lowell, Rupert Hughes and other authors addressed the audience; but Patience Worth, through Mrs. Curran, politely sent her regrets.

OF PATIENCE WORTH's prolific literary works, the most noteworthy were the novels *The Sorry Tale* and *Hope Trueblood* (both published by Henry Holt & Company) and a collection of poems titled *A Light from Beyond*. A 325,000-word story, dictated letter by letter before audiences and describing the manners and customs of the Jews and Romans in the days of Christ, *The Sorry Tale*, was called one of the finest novels of ancient times.

William M. Reedy, critic and editor of *Reedy's Mirror*, said it "is the most remarkable piece of literature I have ever read. I have no hesitation in saying that this production . . . is a world literary marvel."

Hope Trueblood, Patience Worth's first book communicated in modern English, was a poignant story dealing with the harsh attitude of mid-Victorian English society toward an illegitimate child. Filled with clear-cut characters and powerful dialogue, it was criticized by the *New York Tribune* thus: "Whether in the body or spirit, the author of *Hope Trueblood* is singularly gifted with imagination, invention and power of expression. The psychological analysis and dramatic power displayed in the narrative are extraordinary and stamp it as a work

approximating absolute genius."

The poems in *Light from Beyond* were mostly in free verse of iambic meter and were noted for their charming humor, stinging irony and elegant idioms. *Braithwaite's Anthology of Magazine Verse* for 1918—an annual collection of the best poems published in magazines—contained seven poems by Sara Teasdale, three by Amy Lowell, three by Vachel Lindsay, one by Edgar Lee Masters and five by Patience Worth.

Naturally, the idea that a disembodied being or a spirit could write one book, let alone so many of literary merit, was more than most Americans would swallow. In the beginning, the phenomenon was scored as a small-time money-making swindle, but as more volumes were written and published, the world was forced to take notice. Women gossiped about Patience Worth over backyard fences; children made up ditties about her.

Mrs. Curran appeared before gatherings of doctors, lawyers, scholars, scientists, politicians and diplomats. Some attended the sittings merely out of curiosity; others, particularly the scientists, to study the strange psychic phenomenon. Still others attended for the sole purpose of debunking the "bogus" Patience Worth and exposing Mrs. Curran as a fraud.

This last group was certain that the mysterious Patience was noth-



ing but a trumped-up publicity trick. They believed that either Mrs. Curran herself did the writing, or that she memorized and recited poetry and prose secretly produced by a genius. But many of these hard-bitten cynics who came to denounce her departed not only dumbfounded at her literary brilliance but also trying to fathom the baffling mystery.

At a meeting of the Current Topics Club in St. Louis, Patience was asked to comment or compose poems on a wide variety of subjects fired at her without previous notice from the audience. Unhesitatingly she communicated the answer to Mrs. Curran, who dictated to the stenographers standing by.

When an art critic suggested "flappers," Patience replied, "They dare what the past hoped for." To a reporter who suggested "the Press," she snapped, "The gab wench of the day."

Following several similar remarks, a pastor asked Patience to compose a poem on "The Golden Rule." Immediately Mrs. Curran dictated these lines:

To deal justice; to make thy heart
quick with mercy, and with
understanding;

To make thy hand slow in dealing
ought save mercy;

To make thee companionable
fully with the day

In a sure understanding;

To measure thyself first, and find
how light the measure is,

And lay that 'pon the beam of
thy brother,

Ere thou measurest him!

That night, Patience Worth astounded her audience by improvising seven pungent remarks and 32

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poems, a total of 1,360 words. When one considers the thought, time and painstaking effort required to write a first draft of a poem, then revise and polish it to near perfection, this performance is almost incredible.

Asked if he knew of any writer who could have improvised such poetry under similar circumstances, Edgar Lee Masters, who had witnessed the demonstration that night, said: "There is but one answer to that question: it simply cannot be done."

At another meeting, Patience was asked to perform a mental feat that many in the audience considered unfair. A scientist asked her to compose extemporaneously a poem of 25 lines, each line beginning with a letter of the alphabet, except X, and in alphabetical order.

Besides rattling off the poem with ease, Patience used the last two lines to rebuke the scientist for doubting her ability. Here it is:

A task is

Before me.

Can I, O God, perform it?

Dole me patience

Enough that I be sustained,

For I am indeed in need of strength.

Give me, O God, thy grace.

Hear my supplicance;

I am a beggar for a crumb;

Justly deal in mercy;

Keep me within the pale of judgment.

Leave me wit, that I may perform the duty;

Make the task perfect,

Neither constrained nor o'erdone.

O beloved God, keep tryst with me;

Prithee give ear to my prayer.

Quiet the turbulence of my heart.

Righteously shall I endeavor,
Steeling me against the tongue
of irony,

That I suffer not upon the
judgment of this.

Upon me distill thine aid;

Vouchsafe Thy succor

Wound not with thine

indifference,

Yea, this Thy servant upon the
path of folly,

Zealously endeavoring that she
follow a fool.

WHAT IS THE EXPLANATION of the Patience Worth mystery? There was and still is no conclusive answer. The cynics stubbornly held to their belief that Mrs. Curran wrote the literature herself and manufactured Patience for publicity. This belief seems unwarranted for several reasons:

(1) Mrs. Curran cooperated wholeheartedly with scholars and scientists who tried to unveil the mystery; (2) those who investigated the case vouched for Mrs. Curran's honesty; (3) if Mrs. Curran had been concerned with making money only, she would have posed as a spiritual medium, and reaped a fortune; (4) lastly, a scrutiny into Mrs. Curran's background disclosed that she never possessed talent for writing.

Born Pearl Lenore Pollard in February, 1883, in Mound City, Illinois, she grew up a lively child of average intelligence. Her traveling was limited to the Midwest where her father—who first tried art, then newspaper work and finally earned his living working for railroads—moved periodically from Illinois, Texas and Missouri in search of work. Her mother, a ner-

vous, efficient housewife, studied voice for a time, but gave it up.

Pearl quit school at 14, and, like her mother, also studied voice and prepared for a musical career. She clerked in music and department stores and later taught singing to help support herself. Then she married John H. Curran, a former Missouri immigration inspector, and gave up all dreams of a career. As a housewife she was an efficient manager, a capable cook and a gracious hostess.

One theory about Patience Worth was set forth by psychologists and championed by Dr. Charles E. Cory of Washington University in St. Louis. After studying the case for two years, he concluded that Mrs. Curran's literary genius was due to her double personality or other self, which had picked up from her family, friends and associates a rich store of old English and historical knowledge.

This theory was challenged by those who pointed out that Mrs. Curran never lived or worked in circles where she could have acquired the knowledge and skill to write expertly. No one, not even Mrs. Curran's would-be exposers, could uncover evidence proving that in her youth, she had been

subjected to intellectual or cultural influences.

Another theory was offered by Dr. Walter F. Prince, one of the world's greatest authorities on psychic phenomena. After he had followed the case for 12 years, investigated Mrs. Curran's background and family life, visited the Ozarks where she spent her childhood, interviewed friends and relatives, corresponded with editors and critics, and minutely examined more than 15 volumes of literature, he stated his theory. It doesn't solve the mystery, but perhaps some day it will unlock the door to a solution.

Dr. Prince theorized: "Either our concept of what we call the subconsciousness must be radically altered, so as to include potencies of which we hitherto have no knowledge, or else some cause operating through, but not originating in, the subconsciousness of Mrs. Curran must be acknowledged."

In other words, either we radically change our notions about the subconscious mind, or admit that supernatural forces—call them disembodied souls, spirits or what you will—acted through Mrs. Curran's subconscious and endowed her with powers greater than the normal powers of man.



Ists & Isms

PSYCHIATRIST: Just a nut cracker.

—PAUL STEINER

PESSIMISM: Blowing out the light to see how dark it is.

—BISHOP WOODCOCK

TOURIST: A person with a heavy tan on the left forearm.

—Outdoor Ind.

IDEALIST: One who tries to keep politics out of politics.

—SAMMY KAYE

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Picture Story

On Stardom's Stairway

THE STARLET BUSINESS is boom-
ing. To the cry of exhibitors
and movie-goers for new faces,
Hollywood's answer is a parade
of newcomers, "the new Har-
low"; "another Bergman."
Only occasionally, however,
does the starlet's talent justify
the drum-beating. When it
does, a star is born. That's what
happened to Elaine Stewart,
after a sequence in *The Bad and
the Beautiful*, and to the other
girls on these pages.





BORN IN HOLLYWOOD'S backyard, Terry Moore has been an actress for 13 of her 24 years—and has persistently refused to be typed, characterized or classified. Just when everyone had her tabbed as a perennial kid sister, she suddenly blossomed into the loveliest looking creature this side of Marilyn Monroe. Billed as the beauty who had never been kissed, she did a love scene in *Come Back, Little Sheba* that set the sound stage smoldering. Beautiful but dumb, they said next, so Terry played a love-stricken waif in *Man on a Tightrope* with such poignant effectiveness as to start Academy Award talk. "Hey, that girl's an actress," they said—and, for once, they were right.

Terry Moore

Terry's frankness is legendary. "I've got a terrific body," she once told a reporter.



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Roberta Haynes



THE CAREER OF dark-haired Roberta Haynes follows one of those Hollywood patterns. First, she was turned down for *The Madwoman of Chaillot* because she didn't look the part—although she had played it on Broadway. Then her *High Noon* scenes wound up on the cutting room floor. Finally, United Artists, after combing the South Pacific for a Polynesian beauty to play the lead in *Return to Paradise*, decided that home-grown Roberta was just the type.

A Marilyn-Monroe-type photo helped Roberta win *Paradise* role.





As *Gigi*, Audrey played a 16-year-old.

Novelist Colette chose her for the part.



Audrey Hepburn

"THE BEST AUDIENCE I ever had," Audrey Hepburn confessed recently, "made not a single sound at the end of my performance." It happened during the darkness of the Nazi Occupation in Holland. Behind locked doors and with look-outs posted to watch for German soldiers, Dutch patriots sang, danced and solicited money for the Underground. A favorite among them—until lack of food weakened her so she could hardly walk, let alone dance—was leggy, 13-year-old Audrey Hepburn. At the war's end, good food returned Audrey to pert and beguiling health and to a strenuous regime of dancing and acting lessons. New Yorkers cheered her as a French gamin in *Gigi*, and when Paramount chose her to play a princess on the town in *Roman Holiday*, Audrey Hepburn leaped to the top of stardom's stairway.

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Ursula Thiess



IN EUROPE, SHE WAS CALLED "the most beautiful girl in the world." In Hollywood, one old-timer predicted that "this girl will bring out the explorer in any man." A short time ago, Ursula Thiess was a German model earning \$35 in a good month. Then—scarcely able to speak English—she won an RKO-Radio contract on the strength of a magazine photo. Now, after one movie (*Monsoon*, filmed in India), Ursula Thiess is apparently in Hollywood to stay.

"You may forget *Monsoon*," said one reviewer, "but not Ursula."





Dawn Addams

FOR DAWN ADDAMS, life in Hollywood is the equivalent of settling down to quiet living in placid surroundings. Previous peregrinations took her from England—her father was an RAF test pilot—to India and Brazil. One thing alone remained constant: the desire to act. She studied, toured and finally landed an MGM contract. Her performance in *The Moon Is Blue* makes it fairly certain that, location trips aside, Dawn's days of wandering are over.

In *Plymouth Adventure*, Dawn played a sedately lovely Priscilla.



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Joanne

JOANNE Woodward, the obscure in one instant, has been a star until long after her Hollywood debut to keep her music writer and *pidy-Doo* were extended the family opening reception what sort of innocent Hollywood followed *ters*, but *umphan* sing at some \$2

Joanne Gilbert

JOANNE GILBERT WENT from total obscurity to resounding stardom in one incredible night. She had been a successful New York model until loneliness chased her home to Hollywood, where her father, eager to keep her there, began to teach her music. Since her father is songwriter and music coach Ray (*Zip-pidy-Doo-Da*) Gilbert, the results were extraordinary: a booking into the famed Mocambo, a crowded opening night and a tumultuous reception. Joanne's husky voice and what someone described as her look of innocent sexiness were the talk of Hollywood. A Paramount contract followed, then the lead in *Red Garters*, but only after Joanne's triumphant return to New York to sing at a swank supper club for some \$2,250 a week.



This was Joanne's opening night costume.

She still needs a pass to enter the studio.





Debbie dances with Donald O'Connor . . .

Debbie Reynolds

DEBBIE REYNOLDS, Miss Burbank of 1948 and now known in some quarters as Miss Vitamins of 1954, has, apparently, never quite made the adjustment from high school co-ed to MGM movie star. She still runs frantically from set to set collecting autographs "so I can look at them in my old age and remember what a good time I was having." She still lives with her family. She still wonders how it all happened: "They must have liked my personality or something. I had no talent whatsoever." She learned quickly, though, and was soon dancing step for step with the talented likes of Gene Kelly and Donald O'Connor. Now just past 21, bubbling Debbie has covered some 36,000 personal-appearance miles, completed eight movies and is a prize MGM property. She's bound to get used to it soon.

. . . and leads the football team in high kicks in *I Love Melvin*, as real Debbie might.



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Mary Murphy

A PRODUCER WHO ONCE asked novice Mary Murphy what experience she had, got a startling reply: "I wrapped packages at Saks on Wilshire Boulevard." Although that, indeed, just about summed up her qualifications for one of the acting plums of any year—the Cinderella girl in Hollywood's tribute to the living theater, *Main Street to Broadway*—Mary got the part. Her supporting cast: Tallulah Bankhead, Henry Fonda, Helen Hayes, Mary Martin, Rex Harrison, Herb Shriner. "Discovered" on a Beverly Hills soda fountain stool, Cleveland-born Mary brought to her big chance the "Main Street look"—eager-eyed freshness—and the ability to round out the portrait of a small-town girl on Broadway. The combination is carrying her to stardom.

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SHOCK TROOPS OF THE VIRUS WAR

by TRIS COFFIN

In Washington, the unsung heroes of the NIH guard the health of millions

A STORM HOWLED about a wooden shack on a desolate plateau high in the towering Andes Mountains of South America. Inside, two doctors on a mission of mercy huddled over a sputtering short-wave radio. They had come 4,000 miles from Washington, D. C., as part of the search for a vaccine for one of man's most terrible killers, typhus.

A crisp voice from another world, the BBC, alternately blared and faded on the night's final bulletin: "Washington—The White House announces the President and Prime Minister Churchill have met at sea and drafted an Atlantic Charter."

The older scientist, gray-haired, fatherly Dr. R. E. Dyer, chief of infectious disease research for the U. S. Public Health Service, snapped off the set. "We'll be in this war within a year, Norm," he said.

The younger man, Dr. Norman Topping, paced restlessly back and

forth in the small space between the board walls covered with test tube holders.

"I know you're right." His voice had the timbre of urgency. "We've got to find a typhus vaccine that really works. Typhus has killed more troops than all our wars put together."

Dr. Dyer replied: "We *will* find the vaccine."

This pledge, made on a lonely mountain, led to victory over one of mankind's worst killers, the lice-borne typhus. Fifteen months later, an American army landed in typhus-ridden North Africa, completely protected.

United Nations forces in Korea were immunized from typhus carried by a louse so rugged it defied DDT. Communist Chinese and North Korean troops, on the other hand, died by the thousands in an epidemic that paralyzed an offen-



sive and led to wild charges of bacteriological warfare.

Operation typhus is one of the many sagas of the National Institutes of Health, research arm of the U.S. Public Health Service, located in a quiet valley ten miles from the Capitol. It began at the peak of Hitler's power, when Dr. Dyer called his staff together at the Institutes and gave a brief lecture:

"Typhus has destroyed invading armies as far back as the Roman Empire. It lifted the siege of Granada in 1492 and broke Napoleon's power in Russia over three centuries later. War is threatening again, and we must be ready to protect our troops.

"We've never been able to make a typhus vaccine because the typhus Rickettsia (a minute parasite that causes the disease) is too powerful to use alive as a vaccine. No one has been able to kill the Rickettsia and still keep enough of the antigen (the immunizing factor) to make a good vaccine."

A year later, Dr. Herald Cox at the Montana Laboratory had developed a new vaccine for mass-testing. This required taking the vaccine to an infected area where ordinarily hundreds are stricken.

There was no such ill-fated place within the U.S. Europe was shut off by the war. But a careful check revealed that an isolated Indian tribe in a remote section of the Andes Mountains was habitually stricken with typhus of the same type that had scourged Europe, the most likely arena for an American invasion.

So, in the summer of 1941, Drs. Dyer and Topping climbed into the Andes to test the vaccine. Scores of

Indians were inoculated and periodically examined. But the mission was a failure because, ironically, typhus did not appear that winter.

The following December, Japan attacked Pearl Harbor. The American Joint Chiefs of Staff, well aware of the peril of typhus, pleaded for a vaccine. A laboratory, with Dr. Topping in charge, was set up at the Institutes of Health in Building 5, back from the highway and guarded with a "Private, No Admission" sign.

The 15 men and women of Topping's "typhus gang" lived in a world where day and night, sickness and health, often merged. A smell of strong drugs hung in the air. Long racks of test tubes filled with deadly germs lined the tables. Holidays were left behind. The Army secretly advised that an invasion of a typhus-ridden area (North Africa) was being organized. No time could be spared.

First, the "typhus gang" cultured germs by the billions from which to make the vaccine. Topping took from the Institutes' freezer typhus germs obtained from victims who had died in Prague, Bogotá and Madrid. The Prague strain was smuggled out of the city while it was under Nazi control. In the laboratory, typhus germs were grown from these samples in egg-yolk sacs. (Dr. Topping had a standard order for 80 dozen eggs weekly.)

The second step was to prepare a vaccine. The technicians added ether to the infected yolk sacs to kill the infecting germ without destroying the immunizing agent, a process introduced by Dr. James Craigie of the University of Toronto. Then the mixture of germ and egg yolk

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was shaken violently until it divided into three distinct layers. The top was ether and fat, the center a cloudy substance which Dr. Topping wryly called "gook," and, finally, a clear watery layer containing the vaccine.

The third step was to place the watery layer in a centrifuge, a small machine which spins at terrific speeds and separates materials like a cream separator. This process left the pure vaccine, without the water, at the bottom.

Fourth, the vaccine was tested on mice and guinea pigs. Eighteen hundred mice were used weekly. Time after time, the vaccine proved too weak.

ONE DAY, Dr. Murray J. Shear suggested, "Why don't we check all this stuff we're throwing away and see if it's any good?"

The first layer of ether and fat was injected into guinea pigs. They still had a rapid fever rise from typhus. Then, a little scornfully, the technicians placed the middle layer of "gook" in the centrifuge. The heavier substance left at the bottom was tried on guinea pigs.

Two days later, Dr. Topping rushed up to Dr. Shear and cried in a voice husky with emotion, "My God, Murray, we've hit! This stuff is as potent as a mule's kick."

Actually, the vaccine made from the "gook" was so strong that Dr. Dyer, in charge of all contagious disease research, was afraid American troops given shots would have

reactions so strong that the vaccine could not be used.

He said calmly, "There's only one way to find out," and boldly bared his arm for an injection. Topping and Shear took the shots, too. There was no serious reaction.

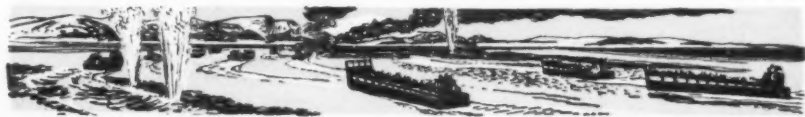
Time was too precious for ordinary, leisurely testing of the vaccine. This was mid-February, and D-day was scheduled for November 8. Dr. Topping asked for human volunteers for a major project, and no questions asked. Two hundred Institutes' employees from floorsweepers to scientists lined up. But there was a heart-breaking setback—the vaccine worked only for a limited period.

One of the lab technicians, Charlie Knauff, an ex-Army sergeant, asked: "Doc, why don't you try giving several shots, one after another?"

More testing, this time of the intervals between injections. The volunteers' blood was drawn, mixed with living typhus germs and shot into the tails of mice. If the vaccine was still potent, the mouse lived. If not, he died in a few hours.

There was the great day when Charlie Knauff excitedly called Dr. Topping into the animal room, pointed to a cage of obviously lively white mice, and said proudly, "They're still alive, Doc."

On the basis of a schedule worked out from these tests—two shots ten days apart and a booster shot nine months later—the U. S. Army gave 35,000,000 shots of the vaccine, mass-produced by commercial lab-



oratories. The result was a modern medical miracle. Typhus was licked. American forces fought through areas infected with typhus and there were less than 64 cases, all mild.

The "typhus gang" at the Institutes was not so fortunate. It was inevitable all would catch typhus. Often staff members were weak with illness but refused to tell Topping for fear he would send them home. They knew they could not be spared. Fortunately, none died.

Still there was no rest for them. A new form of typhus, which failed to react to the vaccine, hit our troops in the South Pacific. Six thousand taking part in one island invasion were stricken. This illness, scrub typhus or "tsutsugamushi," was carried by the eight-legged Oriental mite.

During the fight against this new menace, tragedy visited the laboratory. A vapor laden with deadly germs escaped from a blender being operated by Dr. Dick Henderson and technician Roy Snellbaker. Both were infected with "tsutsugamushi" and given little chance of survival.

Dr. Henderson's wife, a pretty nurse with two little babies, and his best friend, Topping, sat at the doctor's bedside. In the first days of his illness, Dr. Henderson said eagerly, "Norm, I know what we should do next," and recited details worked out in lucid moments. But in his last fevered hours, the despairing martyr of medicine said he would not live to see the job finished. He was right. But Snellbaker survived.

Project typhus is finished and the "Private, No Admission" sign long since stored away, but the spirit of self-sacrifice that characterized the

"typhus gang" is typical of the Institutes' contagious disease research, past and present.

During two violent epidemics of the mysterious "Q Fever," one of the most contagious diseases known to man, at least 80 at the Institutes were stricken. Typists stayed at their desks with fever; elevator operators ill with it loyally came to work and had to be ordered home; and Asa Marcey, a 59-year old incinerator operator, died.

That brought to six the total of lives sacrificed at the Institutes' headquarters alone in the fight against man-killing disease. William Lindgren had died of tuberculosis contracted in the lab; Harry Anderson of parrot fever which infected 11 others. Anna M. Pabst, an assistant bacteriologist, died on a Christmas after a broken hypodermic needle squirted a deadly meningitis in her eye; Rose H. Parrott was a victim of tularemia.

An outraged Dr. Dyer went to the Bureau of the Budget and said, "The Institutes have lost six lives and hundreds ill from disease in less than ten years because we do not have the proper safety facilities." Today, thanks to his appeal, the new Memorial Laboratory is part of the Institutes. It is a starkly modernistic building of red brick and long expanses of windows. A modest sign identifies it only as "Building 7."

It now is the front line in man's unending battle against infectious disease. Here, in sterile, sealed chambers, scientists work with the deadliest germs known. The vapor inside the working hoods (airtight glass frames over the tables where infected tissue is studied) is so poisonous that the air is heated to 600

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degrees before being drawn outside by suction. Before the hood is opened, ultra-violet rays are turned on to kill any "bugs."

The scientists and technicians must pass through three decontamination ante-rooms, changing into loose-fitting blue coveralls before entering the working chambers. These are glistening laboratories of tile and aluminum with strange scientific machines, rows of vials and test tubes.

In the basement, huge vaults that line the walls like catacomb crypts hold enough disease germs to wipe out a continent. The germs are kept in cold storage for study and the making of vaccine. Virtually every infectious disease known to mankind is stored there. It is the rapture

of discovery, not personal gain, that brings men and women through the doors of Memorial Laboratory into these grim surroundings. The salaries average \$3,300 a year. Neither does fame draw them, for there are no Purple Hearts, Congressional Medals of Honor, or newspaper headlines.

Dr. Charles Armstrong, at work on polio research although he is retired and receives no compensation, looks over his old-fashioned glasses and says scornfully: "Money and prizes don't create research. It's partly pride and a sense of accomplishment, and something more that's hard to put into words. It's a feeling you are working on something that may help this poor fevered old world."



Weather-Wise

THE BLIZZARD had turned Chicago's Michigan Avenue into a pedestrian hazard of churned-up slush. A pretty young thing, standing irresolutely at the crossing, extended a dainty foot and as hastily withdrew it. The big traffic cop regarded her sympathetically, blew his whistle, gathered her up in his arms and deposited her carefully on the other side. Whereupon the young lady, her eyes blazing, slapped him—hard!

Without a word, the cop once more swept her from her feet and bore her, kicking, back to her original position. Then he released the traffic.

—Chicago Tribune

THE GREAT GRANDDADDY of all London fogs had enveloped the city at the time a certain Australian soldier disembarked there during World War II. He groped his way along the docks, while the wet chill of the incredibly dense mist penetrated his body, burrowing down, into his bones.

Looking up at the great barrage balloons which could be dimly discerned hovering above the city, he snorted, to no one in particular, "Why don't they cut 'em loose and let the place sink?"

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

THREE-D'S MILLIONAIRE

by JOHN L. SPRINGER

"Polacoat" glasses have made a fortune for their hard-working Ohio inventor

ONE NIGHT A YEAR AGO, the telephone rang in a modest house in a Cincinnati suburb. A tall, slender scientist named John F. Dreyer picked up the receiver—and began to make a million dollars.

"I'm Arch Oboler, producer of the 3-dimension movie 'Bwana Devil,' " the caller said. "I'm told you have a process for making the special kind of glasses needed to view 3-D films. How about making 50,000,000 pairs for us?"

Dreyer hesitated and finally agreed to try. In those few moments he became the main actor in an amazing success story.

If you have seen a 3-D movie, the chances are you have worn a pair of Dreyer's magic glasses. He has made millions so far, and movie producers are continually clamoring for more.

A year ago, he had five employees and a factory, little larger than a garage, in tiny Blue Ash, Ohio, north of Cincinnati. Today, he has hundreds of workers in four factories, and his Polacoat company is growing by the hour.

In 1934, Dreyer, a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology and research engineer for the Formica Company, began to



spend evenings and week-ends in his basement workshop, experimenting on a device for viewing TV images. During the course of his labors, this serious-minded and deliberately careful scientist discovered a fascinating thing: By treating glass in different ways, he could keep out certain kinds of light, and those kinds only.

Night after night, he patiently tested formulas until, after years of experiments, he came up with a magical black liquid solution. He rubbed a piece of glass one way with a polishing agent, applied the solution, then looked through it at a glaring electric lamp. The glare was gone!

He applied his "black magic" to another piece of glass, first rubbing it another way, and looked through it at the sun. The blinding rays were blocked! This dramatic new kind of inexpensive light "screen" could also be used on plastics and other materials.

Dreyer rushed applications to Washington and soon he owned one

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of the few basic "polarizing" patents in the U.S. In 1946, he started his own company to make rear-view automobile mirrors that cut down night glare, special polarized plates for the Air Force's sky compass, light filters for the Army, and glare-free sun goggles.

He was a typical small businessman earning a modest income on the fateful night a year ago when he picked up his telephone receiver. When he put it down, he began working 18 hours a day, seven days a week, designing special machines to coat plastic lenses and make 3-D glasses. He turned the switch to start the first one in March, 1953, and the machine has been running day and night, week day and Sunday, ever since.

Orders pour in from would-be buyers all over the world. One 3-D film producer arrived in person and asked Dreyer to make 50,000,000 pairs of glasses.

"I can't," Dreyer replied calmly. "My factory isn't big enough to handle additional orders."

"Don't worry about that," said the producer, reaching for his checkbook. "I'll pay in advance. Take the money and build the plant to make them."

DREYER wasn't able to take the order at the time, but it proved to be an auspicious sign. The expansion program that Polacoat has since undertaken to fulfill its flood of orders has been financed by advance payments from other eager movie customers.

A few technical experts who helped the company get its start are the only others who share Dreyer's profits. Arch Oboler, the man

who started the golden flow, has sole rights to distribute the glasses to theaters, which pay ten cents a pair for them.

Dreyer's magic viewers operate on a simple principle—the fact that your two eyes see independently and transmit separate messages to the brain which blends the two into one picture.

3-D cameras shoot two images. When these are flashed on the screen, the unaided eye sees one atop the other, like a TV ghost image. Result, a fuzzy picture. But when the glasses are worn, the right-eye lens brings in one picture and the left-eye lens the other. When the brain puts the two images together, you get a picture showing height, width and the "new" dimension—depth.

Prove this yourself. While viewing a 3-D movie wearing glasses, shut one eye. The picture suddenly becomes flat.

Polacoat glasses give movies a sensationally lifelike realism. During a 3-D demonstration in New York, a fireman on the screen began squirting a hose at the audience. Instantly, a young man jumped from his seat and ran to the back of the theater.

How long will the polarized goose lay its golden eggs for Dreyer? Probably as long as 3-D holds its magnetic attraction for the public. Many top men in the film industry believe that the kind of 3-D movies which require special glasses are here to stay.

Dozens of such films are now in production, and the number is growing constantly. For each picture, estimate that 15,000,000 pairs of glasses will be required. Thus,

demands for polarized glasses could total 10,000,000 pairs *a week!* And there is only one other big manufacturer making them.

How does it feel to join the millionaire class almost overnight? Probably few persons would be less affected than the 47-year-old Dreyer, his attractive wife Trudy and their three children. They still live in their comfortable, modest home. Mrs. Dreyer does her own housework and Dreyer drives the same

battered 1940 car to work daily.

"Making a lot of money has never been my primary goal," he says. "I am more satisfied thinking that I've created something useful."

Next time you put on a pair of 3-D glasses to view a film, think for a moment not only of the story on the screen but also of the story *behind that story*—for it proves that Americans like John Dreyer, with vision, determination and courage, always can win a place at the top.



MISS FRANCE, a shapely brunette, having been duly elected and crowned, held a press conference.

"Miss France," an American reporter asked, "if you were shipwrecked with a man on a lonely far-off island, what would you expect of him?"

Replied Miss France: "The least I'd expect of him—he should know how to swim."

AN AMERICAN BUSINESSMAN in Paris, delayed at his office, telephoned his home and said to the newly engaged French maid: "Please tell madam to go to bed and wait for me."

"*Oui, monsieur,*" replied the girl, "and who shall I say called?"

IN ONE of the more conspicuous Montmartre night spots, an American in Paris met a charming hostess and invited her to go out with him. Sorry, she said, but she couldn't leave until closing time. Sorry, too, said the American, but

wouldn't she visit him at his hotel tomorrow afternoon? The lady said she would and the American gave her his address and room number, wondering how the hotel would take it.

At 5 P.M., someone knocked at his door and there was the lady, holding a beautiful French poodle on a leash. Hardly had he ushered her into the room when the phone rang and the desk clerk said indignantly: "Monsieur, we do not allow dogs in this hotel!"

FORMER FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER Robert Schuman, a lifelong bachelor, has given various reasons for not getting married. An American reporter queried him on the same subject: "Did you never look for the ideal woman—or did you never find her?"

"Oh, yes," Schuman replied to the reporter, "I did indeed look. But when I finally found her, she told me that she was looking for the ideal man." —CURT L. HEYMANN

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JANUA

How to Help Your Husband Get Ahead

from the new book by Mrs. Dale Carnegie

There are many simple ways in which an astute wife can give her mate a powerful push up the ladder to success



From *How to Help Your Husband Get Ahead* by Mrs. Dale Carnegie. Published at \$3 by Greystone Press, New York 13, N. Y., Publishers. Copyright 1953, by Mrs. Dale Carnegie.

NOT LONG AGO, an old friend dropped in to see us. He looked tired and unhappy.

"I don't know what to do," he told us. "For six months I've been working overtime trying to develop a new branch of our business. I get home late every night. Once this spadework is done, I can get back to normal hours. But Helen is so unhappy about not having me home for meals and our never going out together that it's getting me down.

"Establishing this new line is important to both of us, but I haven't been able to make her see it that way. I worry so much about her, I can hardly keep my mind on what I'm doing."

Such periods of intensive labor at some out-of-the-ordinary task are no picnics for wives, however necessary or fascinating such work may be to their husbands. We wives have to stand by as bodyguards, nurses and morale-builders—gritting our teeth silently and wondering if we will ever lead normal lives again. We have none of the thrill of achievement that motivates our mates and makes them deaf, dumb and blind to everything but the job in hand.

In this situation, if you want to help your husband get ahead, plan some diversion for yourself to keep from brooding over how different things used to be. Learn to carry your own weight socially instead of depending on your husband's

presence to make you a desirable guest. There are many situations where you won't fit in as an extra woman; avoid them. You will be welcome as May sunshine in others.

Try doing some of those things you never had time for before; visit some art galleries, go to a concert, do some work for your church or political party. Try a self-improvement course or some night-school classes. Such a program will do you good and keep your husband from worrying about your being lonely. Remind yourself that this is only a temporary situation. If you prove you can take it in stride, you can have a second honeymoon when the big push is over.

IF YOU HAVE A JOB or career of your own, would you be willing to give it up if it would advance your husband's interests? If not, you are more interested in promoting yourself than promoting your husband.

Helping a man attain success is a full-time career in itself. You can't hope to do it unless it is important enough to claim all your attention.

Beautiful, blonde Zetta Wells, wife of famed explorer Carveth Wells, had a fascinating career of her own when she met her husband-to-be. Zetta was a successful radio and lecture manager who looked after the business interests of many famous people. Carveth Wells came to her as a client, fell in love with her and married her—on Zetta's condition that she be allowed to keep her exciting job and her prized independence.

The marriage took place in March. In June, Carveth was leaving for a trip to Russia and Turkey to climb Mount Ararat. Zetta ex-



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pected to stay home and work. But when the time came, she couldn't bring herself to remain behind. Just this once, she said. So off they sailed on an adventure that turned out to be a nightmare of hardship and frustration—although it brought forth Carveth's best-selling book, *Kapoot*.

Zetta's job, when she came back to it, looked pretty tame in comparison. So a year and a half later she was off with him to Mexico to climb Mount Popocatepetl. This, too, was a grueling physical ordeal. Zetta was cold, hungry, exhausted and scared silly most of the time. But she was thrilled, too.

The winds of that mountain peak blew away the last shreds of Zetta's die-hard independence. She realized that being Carveth Wells' wife was worth more to her than any amount of success she could win on her own.

When they returned from Mexico, Zetta closed her office. She was free to follow her husband to the ends of the earth—and that is exactly what she did.

I do not underrate the many wives and mothers who are forced by circumstances to work at jobs outside their homes. I believe that women should equip themselves to earn a living by their own efforts, since life is uncertain. But since we are discussing ways by which wives can help their husbands to succeed, we cannot ignore the fact that this is a big enough job in itself to demand single-mindedness and full-time effort of a wife.

Whatever a man's occupation, his chances of getting ahead are increased by his wife's ability to get along well with others and her

skill in adapting to social demands. If this ability comes natural to her, so much the better. If not, she must acquire it.

Don't think that because your husband is now filling a somewhat lowly position, nothing is expected of you. The business, industrial and professional leaders of tomorrow are all unknown, obscure young men today. Nobody starts at the top. Are you prepared to do your husband credit 10, 20 or 30 years from today, when he is a leader?

Start today! If you have fears, prepare to shed them now. If you are awkward or tactless, learn to love, respect and enjoy other people. If you feel a lack of educational background, don't hide behind that threadbare excuse, "I never had a chance to go to college." Take courses in night school. If you can't afford that, run, don't walk, to your nearest public library.

Learning to make—and keep—friends and to get along with others is one basic way to prepare for the time when your husband achieves a position of importance. If he is clumsy in handling people, a tactful wife will help make up for his blunders; if he is diplomatic in his human relations, a wife must be, also—to keep him from looking ridiculous, if nothing else.

WIVES HAVE BEEN TRYING to influence husbands by nagging since the days of the caveman. Such differing personalities as Napoleon III and Abraham Lincoln were afflicted with nagging spouses.

Women are still trying to make nagging pay off. To date, it hasn't worked—except in reverse. Dr. Lewis M. Terman, psychologist,



made a detailed study of more than 792 marriages. Results showed that husbands ranked nagging as the worst fault a wife could have.

An old friend of our family told us that his career was almost wrecked by a wife who belittled every job he ever had. He started out as a salesman. He liked his product and was enthusiastic about selling it. But when he came home at night, his wife would greet him saying: "Well, how's the Boy Genius? Did you bring home any commissions or just a lecture from the sales manager? I suppose you know the rent is due next week?"

This went on for years. In spite of it, the man did forge ahead by sheer ability. Today he is an executive vice-president in a nationally known concern. His wife? Oh, he divorced her and married a younger woman who gives him all the affectionate support denied him by his first wife.

COMPLAINING, whining, comparing, sneering, harping—the nagger may specialize in one or be a general practitioner of all these forms of mental cruelty. The bride of 20, who confines herself to a few digs about when are they going to be able to have a new house like the Martins', is, at 40, a chronic, unlovely complainer who is never satisfied with anything.

Nagging is a devastating emotional disease. If you are in doubt about having it, ask your husband.

If he should tell you that you are a nag, don't react by violent denial—that only proves he is right. Instead, take steps to correct the situation. Here are six suggestions that may help to cure it.

1. Enlist the cooperation of your husband and family. Ask them to fine you 25 cents every time you show irritation, give a harsh command or harp on a sore point.

2. Train yourself to say a thing once only—then forget it. If you have to remind your husband peevishly six times that he promised to mow the lawn, he probably isn't going to do it anyway, and nagging only makes him balky.

3. Try to get results by softer methods, like "If you will mow the lawn, honey, I'll bake your favorite pie for supper."

4. Cultivate a sense of humor. It will give you a better sense of proportion.

5. Talk over major grievances calmly. Try writing down the items that irritate you on slips of paper as they occur. Say nothing at the time. Later, when you and your husband are both calm and serene, take out the slips and look them over. You will be ashamed to mention the trivial and unimportant grievances and will throw them away; but discuss the major causes for irritation reasonably and unemotionally.

Recently, at a banquet, I was seated next to the manager of industrial relations of one of the old-

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est companies in the U.S. I asked him for his ideas on how wives can help their husbands get ahead.

"I believe," said this executive, "that the two biggest things a wife can do to help advance her husband's career are (1) love him and (2) let him alone. A loving wife will see that her husband has a comfortable, happy home life. And if she is smart enough to let him attend to his business without interference, there is no reason why he can't advance as far as his ability and training will take him.

"A wife can literally meddle her husband right off the payroll," he told me, "by advising, by interfering, by influencing him against people he works with, by complaining about his pay, his hours and his duties."

Many brides have rosy dreams of subtly maneuvering their dream-boys right up into Executive Row. In case you are one of the girls who believes in wielding behind-the-scenes power, I'll make it easier for you: Here is a list of ten techniques by which you can hamstring your husband and drag him down the ladder, instead of helping him up.

1. Be nasty to his secretary, especially if she is young and pretty. Never pass up a chance to put her in her place. Losing a good secretary can be a major disaster to an ambitious man.

2. Phone your husband several times a day. Tell him your domestic troubles, ask him whom he's lunching with, and don't forget to give him a list of groceries to pick up on his way home. Never fail to meet him at the office on payday. His co-workers will soon find out who is boss at your house. And his

powers of concentration on his work will vanish.

3. Start a feud with the wife of one of his associates. Soon the whole office will be divided into factions—and it won't be long now!

4. Tell him how overworked and underpaid he is and how nobody appreciates him in that office. Sooner or later, he may begin to believe you and his work will show it.

5. Make a habit of telling him how he could do his job better and curry favor with his superiors. After all, he only works at the office—you're the master-planner.

6. Give him an air of success by throwing expensive parties and living beyond his income. You'll fool nobody, but you'll have lots of fun—while it lasts.

7. Organize your own home spy service by cross-examining him constantly about his relations with female clients, office help and wives of associates. The fact that women are in business to stay and a man can only escape dealing with them by setting up shop in the Men's Room means nothing to you. You know they're all scheming hussies.

8. Use your sex appeal every time you get a chance to make eyes at his boss. If the boss doesn't give him the axe after this, the boss's wife will see that he gets a new boss.

9. Drink too much at office parties and conventions. You'll be the life of the party—and provide, at his expense, endless gag material for the folks he works with.

10. Cry, complain and nag every time he has to work overtime or go on a business trip. Make him realize that you come first.

Follow these ten rules, if you want to do a first-class job of soul-

ing up your husband's opportunities for promotion. Chances are, he'll lose his job and you'll lose your husband.

IS YOUR HUSBAND prepared for promotion? If not, what is he doing about it? Very few men have the knowledge, at the start of their careers, that they will need for the jobs they hope to get 5, 10 or 15 years later. They must learn as they go along, both by experience and by special training.

Sociologist W. Lloyd Warner says that the American dream is based on the belief that a man can "get ahead"—and one of the main ways by which a man moves upward is education. Many firms provide special training programs, at company expense, for employees. Others award promotion to men who have the initiative to take special training on their own time at their own expense.

What part does a wife play in a man's efforts to educate himself for promotion? Mainly this: her attitude will affect his efforts to improve himself.

Take the matter of night-school training, for instance. The man who devotes two to five nights a week to night-school classes is undoubtedly eager to forge forward, either in his present work or some other field for which he is preparing himself. His wife must learn to get along without him during this period. She must adjust herself to hours of loneliness and fill up the gap with activities of her own.

If she fails to make this adjustment, part of the man's necessary concentration on his studies will be clouded by uneasiness over his

wife's unhappiness. Sometimes he gives up his educational endeavors because of her complaints about being left alone.

The wisest course for the wife is to line up a study program of her own. Perhaps, if finances permit, she can take the same training as her husband to give her a more intelligent grasp of his work; or she can study some allied field and supplement his knowledge.

The wife who wants her husband to succeed must be willing to let him work at whatever he loves best, even if it means taking risks. She must have the courage of his convictions and not be afraid to back him up in his ambitions, regardless of where the chips fall. Those who sacrifice initiative and enterprise to security are likely to wind up with nothing else.

I know a man who is serving a life sentence at uncongenial employment. He started as a book-keeper to earn money enough to open his own auto repair shop. Then he got married; and his wife thought he should keep his job until they had saved enough for a down-payment on a home.

When that goal was reached, a baby was on the way. This man's wife made him see how foolhardy it would be to risk their meager savings to start his own business—and the years went by.

There were payments to meet on their home—insurance to keep up—their son's education. Start out on his own? Ridiculous! What if he didn't succeed? He would have lost his seniority in the company, the firm's old-age pension, sick-benefits and a steady, if modest, salary. So this man lost his chance because

his wife's chance.

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his wife wasn't willing to take a chance on him.

Today, he is a tired, bored, middle-aged duffer who spends his spare-time tinkering with his car. He has a beaten look and nothing much to remember. Life has somehow passed him by.

What if he had given up his job, tried his hand at his chosen work and failed? At least he would have had the satisfaction of having reached for the thing he desired. And if he had tried and failed often enough, he might eventually have succeeded.

If we want our men to succeed in the work that offers them the greatest fulfillment, let's encourage them to take a chance—and be brave enough to share the risks.

SOMEWHERE in a New Zealand cemetery, writes author E. J. Hardy, is an old gravestone bearing a woman's name and the words: "She was so pleasant."

I don't know how that affects you, but, personally, I can't think of an epitaph I would rather deserve. The grieving husband who put that on his wife's tombstone was blessed with a thousand memories: a face lit up with smiles at his return—hot meals on the table—someone laughing at his worn little

jokes—a home that closed him in with love and comfort.

Notably successful marriages are built on a wife's thoughtfulness in learning and doing what will please. Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower says that she considers it a woman's primary job to remember the little things which contribute to the happiness of others.

Maybe these little things aren't so little after all. Wasn't it Lord Chesterfield who said that "good manners are made up of petty sacrifices"? That is also the secret of good marriages. Wives who are willing to give up some of their own preferences are usually rewarded out of all proportion to the petty sacrifice.

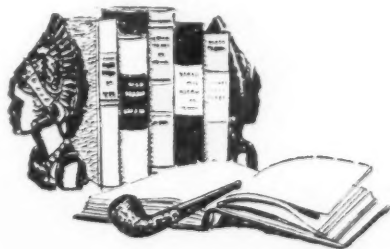
Sharing anything—be it a crust of bread or an idea—brings people closer together. Sharing the special interests and recreations of those we love is one of the main highways to happiness in human relations.

What are the basic elements of companionship? Common friends, common interests and common ideals—these are the things that bind people together.

Arthur Murray and his wife Kathryn have probably taught more people to dance than have any other two instructors since the beginning of time. The Murrays have been married for 28 years and have worked together as partners all that time.

I asked Kathryn Murray: "Working as closely with your husband as you do, how do you keep from getting in a rut? Don't you find it hard to separate your business life from your life as husband and wife?"

"Not at all," said Mrs. Murray. "It's merely a matter of my making



a little extra effort. I try to dress attractively at home for one thing—and I would rather have ten men see me without powder on my nose than for my husband to.

"But, more important, we share similar interests. We both like swimming and tennis. Whenever we can, we take vacations together and enjoy these sports. Last week we had a quick trip to Bermuda. Sharing our fun brings us together on a different basis and adds variety and zest to our life."

How many of us will put on hip-boots and dungarees, get wet, dirty and cold, and bait our own hooks just to be companionable with our husbands?

A highly eligible bachelor confessed to me that he would marry like a shot if he could find a woman who would give him companionship and, at the same time, have respect for the fundamental male urge to be left alone when he feels like it.

Housewives spend so much time alone they often fail to understand that a man's being "left alone" does not imply real loneliness—it just means being set free from all female demands and constraint. Some husbands achieve this illusion by taking a night off to bowl or play pinochle with the boys. Others shut themselves up in the garage and overhaul the car—or read a detective story. Whatever specific use a man makes of these happy moments of aloneness, it's smart for a wife to see that he gets them.

No doubt about it, husbands need to slip the leash occasionally. If we



can aid them to follow up some absorbing, spare-time hobby—and also give them a reasonable measure of utter freedom—then we are doing a lot to make them happy.

Another way to be a good companion is for a wife to have some separate, outside interests of her own. Just as a man goes back to his job strengthened and renewed by a few minutes or hours spent at an interesting hobby, so does a wife approach her duties in a better frame of mind when she has some outside activity. It's the change of activity that refreshes.

Sparetime activities which bring wives into contact with others are most beneficial. A course in consumer education or millinery, a music-appreciation class, a few hours a week working with some charitable or civic organization—projects like these give a woman a fresh viewpoint and make her more of an individual.

Look inside yourself—think of what you have always enjoyed or wanted to do. It needn't cost money. Look over your community—you will be amazed to discover how much worthwhile (and inexpensive) activity is offered by even the smallest towns. If you can't find what you want, get busy and organize a group of other people who want the same thing.

WHAT KIND of an atmosphere does your husband come home to after a busy day? And what kind of a home springboards him to work and renewed effort every morning? The answers to these questions may

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have more to do with his success—or lack of it—than you think.

To enable a man to work at top efficiency, his home must provide him with certain basic elements:

1. Relaxation. No matter how much a man likes his job, a certain amount of tension is built up in his working hours. If this tension is broken when he goes home, a man can re-charge his mental, physical and emotional batteries.

Every woman wants to be a good housekeeper, but sometimes a man finds no relaxation at home because his wife is too good a housekeeper. All of us wives have an occasional impulse to use a blunt instrument on our mates when they strew Sunday papers, cigar stubs, empty glasses and assorted items over the carefully arranged, inviting house we have worked so hard to get that way. But before sounding off about what an inconsiderate bum he is, let's remember that home is the only place where he can relax and be his sloppy, lovable self.

2. Comfort. Since decorating and furnishing the home is largely done by the wife, she must remember that comfort is a man's major requirement. Spindly tables and chairs and clutters of knickknacks may charm the feminine eye, but they spell nuisance to a tired male.

3. Order and cleanliness. Meals that are rarely on time—litter in the bathroom—unmade beds; these and other signs of unfinished business in the housekeeping department can drive a man to poolrooms, saloons and blondes. For men, funny critters, can't seem to endure anybody's messiness but their own.

The impression other people have of your husband is quite frequently

a reflection of your own attitude towards him.

Not long ago, I called up a local appliance dealer to inquire about an electric cooling system. The dealer's wife took my call and gave me the information I wanted. Then she said: "Of course, Mrs. Carnegie, my husband is the real expert on cooling systems and if you will let me make an appointment for him to look at your house, he can then recommend exactly the type of fan you need. I can only guess, but he knows."

When the man came to check over my house, I was already prejudiced in his favor by his wife's confidence—all he had to do was follow through and make the sale.

PEOPLE TEND to live up to the character we give them. Tell a child he is awkward and he will be clumsier than ever. Praise him for politeness and his manners will improve. Treat a man as if he were successful and, unconsciously, he will begin to display the qualities that make for success.

Wives of professional men seem especially adept at creating favorable impressions of their husbands' ability. "I wish we could go to the party," they tell you sadly. "But Bill is snowed under right now preparing his brief for that big Jones Company lawsuit."

In a few offhand words, these girls create a mental image of their boys as up-and-coming lads who have to fight off clients (or patients) with a bat in order to find time to breathe.

No modest man likes to blow his own horn—but it does no harm for his wife to give it a few toots, pro-

vided she keeps within the bounds of good taste.

On the other hand, a man can be too modest for his own good. If your husband is one of those who habitually make light of their own accomplishments, there is danger that others may eventually take him seriously and decide that he really isn't such a ball of fire after all.

Most men eat more and need less food as they grow older, because they are less physically active. It's our business to establish good eating habits early in the game, if we want to keep our husbands' weight down and their spirits up.

See that the meals your husband eats at home are free of haste and tension. The morning breakfast dash is sadly familiar in too many homes. Get up earlier, if necessary, to see that your husband gets, at least, a leisurely, nourishing breakfast.

Here are some rules to follow if you want your husband to live longer and feel better:

1. Watch his weight as carefully as you do your own. Write any insurance company and ask for a weight-longevity chart. Check your husband's weight against this chart and see if he is as much as ten per cent overweight. If he is, ask your family doctor to prescribe a diet.

2. Insist on annual medical, dental and optical checkups. Many deaths from heart disease, cancer, tuberculosis and

diabetes could be prevented if they were discovered in the early stages.

Overambition may make him successful, but he isn't apt to live long enough to enjoy it. Develop courage to influence him to turn down promotion when it means too much added strain and overwork.

3. The secret of resisting fatigue is to rest before you get tired. Short periods of relaxation work wonders. If your husband comes home for lunch, get him to lie down for 10 or 15 minutes before he returns to work. Encourage him to take short naps before dinner. It may add years to his life.

4. Keep his home life happy. An unhappy, worried or angry man is "accident prone"—so keyed up inside that his reflexes don't work properly. He is likely to wreck his car on the highway, or get fouled up in the machinery if he does mechanical work.

He is also more likely to eat or drink too much. Dr. Harry Gold, of Cornell University, says that "people often take to eating when they are unhappy, or to gain release from depression or tension."

A big part of everybody's success in life is being healthy enough to enjoy it. And whether we wives like it or not, we must accept responsibility for our husbands' health too. "My Life Is in Your Hands" could very well be any married man's theme song.



KING, QUEEN, JACK, ETC.



by MADELYN WOOD

Playing cards are an amazing social phenomenon in more ways than one

WITHOUT LOOKING AT A DECK of cards, how many of the following questions can you answer?

Are the center "pips" (suit markings) on all four Aces the same size? In which suits are the Jacks shown in profile? What does each Queen hold in her hand? How many Kings have mustaches? How many kinds of hair-do can you find in the Jacks? On which card does the manufacturer print his name?

Don't be dismayed if you can't answer even one of those questions offhand. According to the Association of American Playing Card Manufacturers, very few people, even the most avid card players, can do any better.

For though people have been intently studying playing cards which have borne the same designs for over a century, they still know surprisingly little about the pasteboard rectangles that make possible man's most universal pastime.

One of the surprising facts is that the pastime is actually getting more universal all the time. Card playing, which has withstood all competition from movies and radio, is not

suffering from the competition of television either.

Last year, the companies that make our playing cards sold a staggering total of 56,500,000 decks, which is a good 8,500,000 more than pre-World War II annual sales. And, they report joyously, they are selling even more decks this year as canasta continues its spectacular popularity, bridge more than holds its own, and the boys keep right on with their pinochle and poker sessions.

Adding to sales is the fact that people in general are exhibiting a revival of interest in some of the lesser known of the 150 card games listed in the current "Official Rules of Card Games." This volume alone, it might be mentioned, is consistently one of the top best sellers, with people buying around 250,000 copies last year.

The easily shuffled little 2¼- by 3½-inch item that is capable of providing more entertainment for the money than any other man-made gadget may not seem like anything very remarkable. Actually, it ranks with Uncle Sam's green-

backs as one of the most exacting products of the printing press.

When a maker of playing cards has nightmares, the chances are he is dreaming about something that actually happened to one major company. It began when an angry man stalked into a stationery store in Kansas City.

"Take a look at these cards!" he snapped at the proprietor.

The proprietor shook his head. "What about them?"

"What about them? They're *marked!* Know what card this is? The Ace of Hearts."

Turned over, it proved to be the Ace of Hearts.

"Look here," the customer said, and what he showed the merchant sent him rushing to the telephone to put through a long-distance call.

In the home office where it was received, there was violent consternation. Executives quickly started making other long-distance calls; teletypes clicked out frantic messages. At considerable expense, the maker succeeded in calling back 160,000 high-priced decks, which were destroyed.

All that trouble had been caused by a tiny imperfection in the plate printing the back of the Ace of Hearts. It had made a minute mark in the design that had escaped inspectors and barely showed up under close examination.

The card makers are sure that this is a once-in-a-lifetime event, for they have now taken all sorts of precautions. Air in pressrooms is super-filtered to make sure no offending particle gets a chance to land on a plate and leave its mark on cards. Electronic eyes watch the printing process for any possible

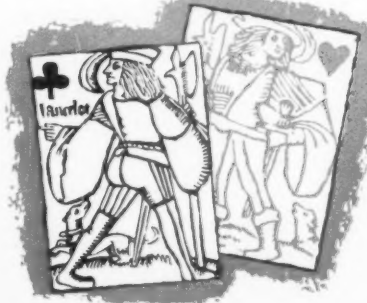
deviations that might make one card look different from another. Microscopes probe for ten-thousandth-of-an-inch imperfections.

The makers are more likely to worry, however, about having to call back a deck because the sales appeal of its back design isn't what they thought it would be. The United States Playing Card Company, giant of the business, has tried out well over 1,000 designs in its 70-odd years of existence. Most of them, its officials admit, have been disdained by players.

Today this company, as well as its smaller rivals, still depends on the old standbys—the scrolls, flourishes and geometric designs standardized in the 19th century. In popularity, dog pictures, pretty girls, ships and birds run about neck and neck.

One of the rare recent changes is one most players barely noticed: an improvement in the quality of the card itself. The Arrco Company of Chicago was instrumental in developing for their Duratone cards a plastic coating that lengthens their life appreciably.

But when it comes to touching the faces of the cards, conservatism is very deep-rooted. The manu-



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facturers shake their heads whenever they think of that, which is fairly often, because they get a considerable amount of mail on the subject.

They likewise get some personal visits, like the one from a secretive Westerner. When he was admitted to an official's office, he insisted on checking up to make sure there were no recording devices around. He trusted the official, he said, but thought other employees might seize upon his million-dollar idea, which he had also carefully described in writing, leaving copies with his lawyer. He was willing, he said, to turn over his flash of inspiration for a flat \$25,000, plus royalties.

"We'll listen," he was told, "but we'll tell you right now that the chances are good we've already tried it, whatever you propose."

The official couldn't have been more right, because the idea was a scheme that every company hears scores of times a year. Leaning across the desk, the man whispered, "Print each suit a different color!"

Admittedly the idea seems so logical that the card men themselves marvel that it won't succeed. They know it won't because they've tried it. Though four colors would certainly make suits easier to identify, card players will have none of it. They are perfectly happy with just black and red.

This old idea is topped in frequency by the suggestion that for the Kings, Queens and Jacks, modern pictures be substituted, such as movie stars, war heroes, statesmen or comic-strip characters.

The would-be advisor to the card makers doesn't know it, but he has

banged his head against one of the strangest and most deeply rooted of human prejudices. The forerunner of our 52-card deck was introduced in the court of Charles VI of France more than 500 years ago, and the pictures on their faces are almost identical with designs worked out in England about the time Columbus was discovering America.

NOBODY KNOWS HOW MANY attempts have been made since then to change these grotesque visages, but they have been numerous—and disastrous. After the American Revolution, printers got the idea that, with the slap we had lately given King George, royalty would hardly be popular in the U. S. Accordingly, they tried decks which substituted pictures of Washington, Franklin, Adams and Jefferson for the Kings; mythical Greek goddesses for the Queens; and Indians for Jacks. The set didn't sell; Americans stubbornly kept right on demanding the old designs.

Later, in France, Napoleon decided that the cards used were pictorial monstrosities and engaged a group of famous painters to design new ones. He was able to dictate to his countrymen in military matters, but he couldn't make them use the new cards.

More than a century later, the Bolsheviks decided that playing cards were an insult to Marx, Lenin and Stalin and designed a proper proletarian set depicting workers and farmers. It flopped, too, and royalty in all its glory stayed right on the proletarian cards.

There have been a few short-lived exceptions. One day early in World War II, Capt. C. W. Stark,

a fighter pilot, turned up at The United States Playing Card Company, showed them a curious handmade deck of "spotter" cards with silhouettes of Allied and enemy planes instead of the usual card faces. Stark had no get-rich-quick scheme. He simply wanted to buy 1,000 such decks because he thought they would be helpful in teaching plane recognition in the Air Force.

Officials were sorry to tell him that the decks would cost \$6 apiece in that quantity. However, they were willing to print larger quantities and sell them at regular prices to anyone who wanted to buy. It sounded good to Stark, as long as they wanted to take the risk.

Sales topped 2,000,000 decks during the course of the war. However, the company feels the success of this venture was strictly a wartime freak and isn't likely to be repeated. Anyway, they are not contemplating any tampering with the card faces again.

When it comes to the games played with the decks they don't want changed, players—meaning just about everybody—have an astonishing taste for variety. Americans play at least 80 card games, including a lot of off-trail ones like Chinese bezique, boat-house rum, oh phshaw, schafskopf, red dog,

spit in the ocean, railroad euchre and idiot's delight.

The latest survey shows that the ten most popular games are still topped by the comparative newcomer, canasta. Following in this order, says the Association of American Playing Card Manufacturers, are contract bridge, pinochle, poker, rummy, auction bridge, samba, five hundred, solitaire and gin rummy.

Those are the national figures, but there are big variations in the regional popularity of games. Canasta is the only game that completely transcends regional appeal. Contract bridge runs strong in the Middle Atlantic, South Atlantic and Western states.

Pinochle, which rates as about the most-played two-handed game, is highly popular in the Mountain and Pacific states, and on the East Coast. The big poker-playing states are New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Michigan and Illinois.

With their almost infinite ability to provide entertainment for every person whatever his age, sex or position in life, it looks as though playing cards will keep right on holding their own as our most universal pastime and, whatever the game, it will continue to be a case of "Long Live the King—the Queen—and the Jack!"

Dubious Preference



JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the Boston Strong Man and last bareknuckle heavyweight champion, once visited Theodore Roosevelt. During the course of the conversation, Sullivan happened to lament the waywardness of one of his nephews.

"I just can't understand that boy," the champ moaned. "He was my sister's favorite son. I always took a special interest in him. But there was nothing to be done with him—his tastes were just naturally low. He took to music."

—*Executives' Digest*



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Harry Salter, producer and musical director of "Name That Tune" (NBC-TV, Mondays, 8 to 8:30 P.M.), is the originator of the musical quiz program. Several contestants have walked off with

prizes by recognizing Salter's rendition of "I Ain't Nobody." However, as guest quizmaster, Salter lays aside his baton to test your knowledge of the body you do have. The answers are on page 112.

1. At birth, eyes of all babies are the same color. Which is it:

a. grey; b. brown; c. blue?

2. From birth to maturity the body increases in weight 15 to 20 times, the eye only about four times. How much does your brain increase in weight:

a. 3 times; b. 30 times; c. 45 times?

3. Since Adam lost a rib on account of Eve's creation, how many do we have remaining:

a. 24; b. 28; c. 32?

4. If you do not like to be called hard-headed, you should know that the hardest, least destructible substance in your body is:

a. bone; b. finger nail; c. dental enamel?

5. An average human body, weighing 150 pounds, contains enough iron to make:

a. four ten-penny nails; b. a fence for an average window; c. an average-sized frying pan?

6. We all know where our food is digested, but do you know where it is oxidized:

a. in the lungs; b. in the body cells; c. in the intestines?

7. We know that our body temperature varies during the day, but averages 98.6 degr. F. We know that it becomes

critical when it approaches 110 degr. F. But what is the "danger degree" of depression of the body temperature:

a. 86 degr. F.; b. 77 degr. F.; c. 65 degr. F.?

8. You are so proud of having lots of backbone, but how much do you really have:

a. 18 vertebrae; b. 26 vertebrae; c. 42 vertebrae?

9. Being bald is no excuse for not knowing in what season your hair grows faster:

a. in spring; b. in summertime; c. in wintertime?

and incidentally:

a. during day time; b. during the night?

10. "Hammer," "Anvil" and "Stirrup" you expect to be in a blacksmith shop. But what are they in your body:

a. three little bones in your ear; b. three large muscles which hold the heart in position; c. three intestinal tubes?

11. An average man weighing 150 pounds contains:

a. 1 pound of salt and 1 pound of sugar; b. $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of sugar; c. 6 teaspoonfuls of salt and a bowl of sugar?

12. We have four primary taste sensa-

tions (all others being caused rather by smelling than tasting). To what are we most sensitive:

- a. sweet; b. salt; c. sour; d. bitter?
13. How long does it take the blood to circulate through the human body:
- a. 1-1½ seconds; b. 1-1½ minutes; c. 1-1½ hours?
14. Are more muscles brought into action:
- a. to make a smile; b. to make a frown?
15. Did you know that color blindness has a preference for one of the two sexes? Which one:
- a. male; b. female?



Business-Wise

THE MERGER OF THE two great circuses owned by Barnum and Bailey respectively was sparked by a curious incident. By 1880, the Bailey circus had grown into a formidable competitor for Barnum's show. And Bailey's fortunes were substantially bettered that year when his elephant, Hebe, became a mother.

The advertising value of the "baby elephant," first ever born in captivity, was tremendous. Barnum telegraphed Bailey a cash offer of \$100,000 for it. And thus, quite unwittingly, made the biggest blunder of his career. For just as quickly as the "paper" could be prepared, Bailey, capitalizing on his opportunity, plastered the country with huge posters reproducing the telegram in large letters, boasting: "What Barnum Thinks of the Baby Elephant."

"That's a man after my own heart!" Barnum declared. And immediately set in motion a proposal which eventually resulted in the

16. And one sex, too, is more disposed to stutter. Which one:

- a. man; b. woman?
17. Even growth has a sex preference. Which usually stops earlier in growing in height:
- a. boys; b. girls?
18. How does the inner surface of the lung compare with the skin surface of the body:
- a. It is approximately the same; b. It is 1/10 of the skin surface; c. It is 50 times the skin surface?
19. It is possible to commit suicide by holding one's breath:
- a. true; b. false?

partnership of Barnum and Bailey.

—MARK GRAINGER

WHEN DANIEL FROHMAN, the famous theatrical producer, was advance agent for Callender's Georgia Minstrels, he was ordered to route the show through the Leadville section of Colorado. Well acquainted with conditions there at the time, he wired Callender that the tour would lose money. The owner telegraphed back that Frohman should take the show there anyway.

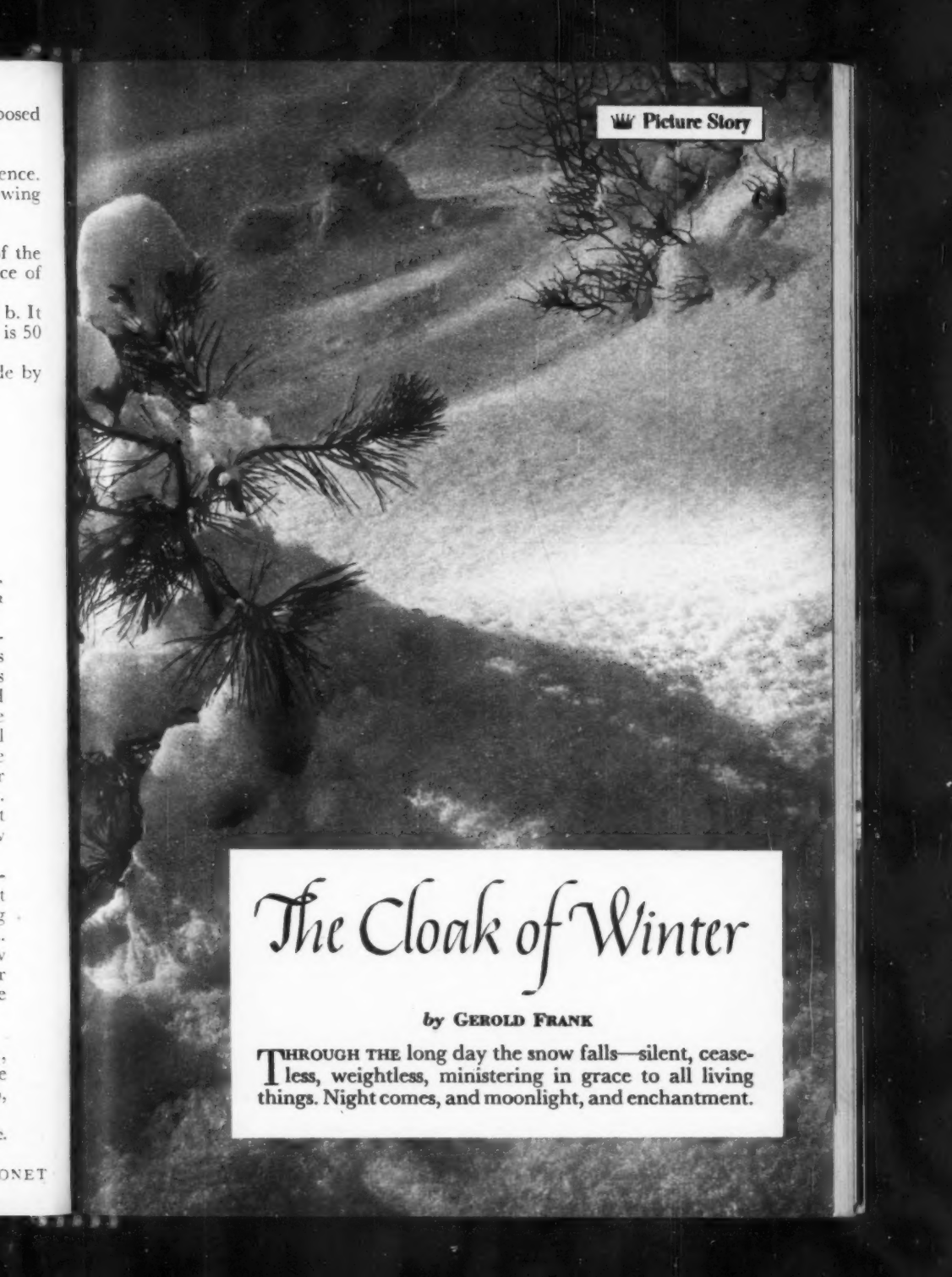
Frohman disregarded the telegram and mapped a schedule that brought box-office receipts big enough to vindicate his judgment.


Still, when he returned to New York at the tour's end, Callender bluntly told him, "You're all done as advance man."

Frohman was amazed.

"But," continued Callender, "you stay on here. When I have a man that knows more than I do, I want him near me."

—Horizons by Cambridge Associates, Inc.



 Picture Story

The Cloak of Winter

by GEROLD FRANK

THROUGH THE long day the snow falls—silent, ceaseless, weightless, ministering in grace to all living things. Night comes, and moonlight, and enchantment.



But sometimes winter shows its furies. The panic wind, howling and whistling, scoops up the thin, fine snow, sending ghostly wraiths streaming across the frozen earth. Trees are derelicts: the heavens glower.

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Yet often, in the storm's wake, amid a white silence, winter spreads a cloak of pure tranquillity. Then shadow and light march to the sun's slow measure; as in a world bewitched, no leaf falls, no bird cries.



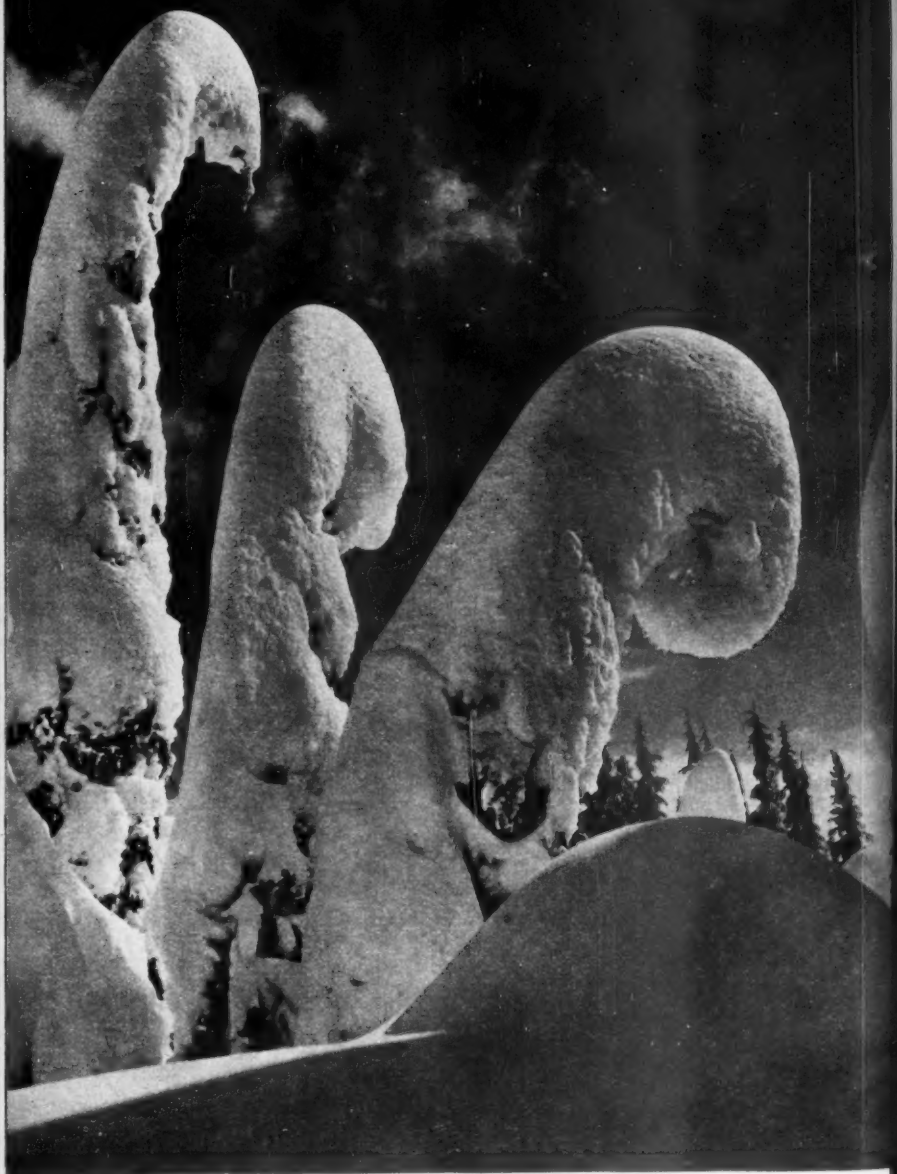
In the cities, winter takes another guise. Above the fallen snow, the air glitters. The street lights blaze in dazzling prisms. Looming lonely and remote, the many-eyed skyscrapers peer through the purple dark.

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Winter's hand falls softly, gently, on the country church. Like a Japanese etching come to life, set in a subtle filigree of branch and twig, its windows shed a golden welcome on the printed snow.



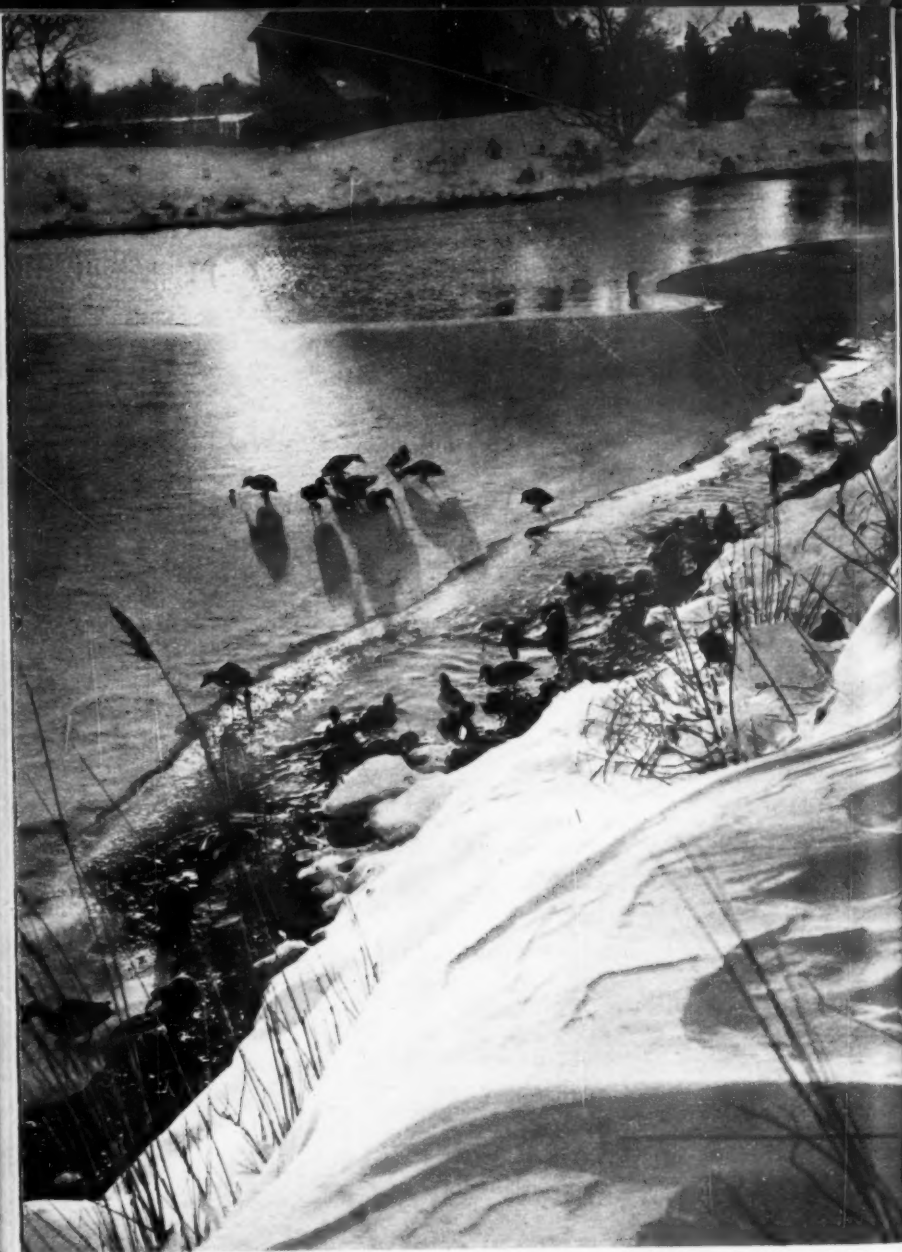
Capricious, wonder-worker, Merlin of the seasons, winter waves its wand—and overnight, familiar scenes become strange as a dream, monstrous as landscapes on the moon, the shape of things unknown.

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And at other times, from its magician's pack of spells, winter will conjure a moment out of mystery: a tree, a lamplit corner, an image caught within the eyelid's blink, a crystal world held captive in a tear.



Who tells the earth that spring is come? For suddenly the snow will end and winter's cloak will disappear. The ice is vanquished: the piled-up drifts retreat. Again the massive rhythm of the seasons has its way.

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Malenkov's Plan for World Conquest

by ARNOST HEIDRICH
as told to ANNE FROMER

No man in the Western Hemisphere is in a better position to write this account of Malenkov and this forecast of coming events than is Dr. Arnost Heidrich. He brought to the Kremlin meetings a background of 30 years in the Czech Foreign Office. He fought in the Czech underground against Hitler, was caught and sentenced to death in a Nazi concentration camp. So valuable was Dr. Heidrich regarded by the Allies that, in one of the rare "deals" of World War II, the Western nations agreed not to bomb Prague if Dr. Heidrich was released. The Nazis kept their promise, and after the war Dr. Heidrich took a leading part in reconstruction of the Czechoslovak Government. He escaped from Prague in 1948, under warrant of arrest, and now lives in Washington, D. C.—The Editors.

I SHALL NEVER FORGET the night in 1947 that I met Malenkov. It was at a dinner in the Kremlin. Stalin himself was host. Near him, aloof and unsmiling, sat Malenkov.

That night I heard the long-term Soviet plan for world conquest outlined by the man who initiated it and by the man who is today carrying it out. I can see that plan being implemented now, month by month.

In 1947, I was Czechoslovakia's Secretary General of Foreign Af-

fairs. My country had a treaty of alliance with Russia, but I was not a Communist, nor were most members of our government. Russia appeared anxious to impress us with her desire to cooperate with a democracy. We, of course, were doing everything possible not to offend Moscow: the Red Army was on our doorstep.

At the Kremlin dinner, I had my first opportunity to contrast Stalin and Malenkov, side by side. Even

then, there was no doubt that Malenkov was the heir apparent, the strongest of the smart men whom Stalin had personally chosen for future leadership.

Both were very short. Although Stalin seemed stocky, he had only average shoulders. Malenkov was fat, with a double chin drooping down over the stiff collar of his military-type tunic and heavy puffs around his small eyes.

During the long dinner, Stalin ate hardly a thing. He smoked one cigarette after another. His personal bodyguard followed his master's example; he smoked endlessly and ceaselessly patrolled the table, now passing back of Stalin, now circling around to where other guests and I were sitting. Malenkov, in contrast, seemed to be eating all the time.

I had the impression that he was not particularly enjoying his food; that, in fact, he wasn't even tasting it. I felt that it was a mechanical habit and that he ate with the earnest preoccupation of a small boy who has hurried in, ravenous, from play and is anxious to get his food down and rush out to rejoin his playmates.

Stalin was amiable: his face and gray eyes were expressive. Like a good teacher, he patiently explained his views to us, outlining what he claimed was the true meaning of international events. He displayed Oriental patience, confident that ultimately things would turn out the way he had planned. In his manner, he was thus a great contrast to Mussolini and the Nazi leaders, who, when I met them, showed a frantic desire to see even their most ambitious plans fulfilled

immediately. Stalin and his followers knew how to wait.

Most of the time Stalin's face was benevolent. There was not a trace of ruthlessness or cruelty there. But very occasionally, somebody might say something he didn't like. Then his face would become ice cold and steel hard. For a moment, an unbelievable hatred and cruelty showed in his features.

Malenkov had this much in common with Stalin: a certain cruelty and ruthlessness around the eyes. But in Malenkov's case that expression never changed.

When he spoke, I realized that here was an extremely intelligent and able man. He recited facts and figures like an electronic computer. He never spoke about people as individuals: he would refer to so many thousands, or millions, as if they were ciphers. There was not the faintest touch of emotion.

When other members of the Politburo spoke—Beria and Molotov were present—he listened intently and occasionally made brief comments. But generally he stayed out of the limelight, as though he were manipulating the strings backstage.

I learned that this was actually the case. Although he was listed simply as a member of the Politburo and was little known outside Moscow, Malenkov was in fact even then a very powerful man. He had two main sources of power, one international, one national—and both these key segments of the Soviet apparatus were secret.

From his inconspicuous manner, you might expect him to be a colorless individual. Not so. He struck me as being a much more dominat-

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ing individual than either Molotov or Beria. Able enough technicians, they were overawed in the presence of Stalin. Malenkov had such supreme confidence in himself that it amounted almost to arrogance.

That night in the Kremlin, Stalin spoke about gaining control of all Europe and Asia. His objective was to do it without stirring any real opposition from the United States.

"The American people," he said, "are aroused only by sudden dramatic moves. So we must be careful to move quietly and gradually. Instead of one big step, we must take a great number of small steps, which will add up to the same thing."

American influence, Stalin said, reached through most of Europe and Asia. "It means that we are surrounded and isolated, and of course we cannot permit that encirclement to continue."

We knew what he meant: Russia intended in time to swallow the remaining independent states of Europe and Asia.

How do Stalin's successors intend to carry out this program? Within a year after the Kremlin dinner, I had seen the plan carried through in my own country. I had learned, also, the sinister role in which Malenkov was cast.

Czechoslovakia became the pilot model for the Soviet pattern of conquest of a democracy from within. Within a few months, our country became a dictatorship, run entirely by Communist appointees directed from Moscow. Democratic leaders were imprisoned, ex-

iled or dead. And it was all brought about without the firing of a shot—except, of course, for those in the execution yards.

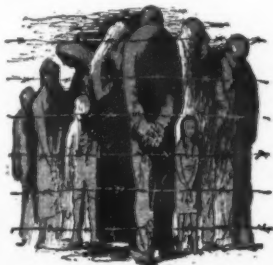
The example of Czechoslovakia is important because, today, Malenkov once more is asserting the possibility of co-existence between two systems—Communist and Democratic. What Soviet Russia really means is not co-existence in the normal sense of the word, but co-existence on her own terms alone.

Czechoslovakia fell because she had been thoroughly weakened from below by a small minority, tireless, vocal, well organized. And the man behind this underground strategy was Malenkov.

The actual organization which Malenkov used in coordinating the Czechoslovak *coup* was the secret division of the Comintern. Officially, the Communists had announced dissolution of the Comintern—their international arm—in 1943. This was cited as a demonstration of Russia's abandonment of world revolution and willingness to work with the democratic world.

What actually happened was this: the outer structure of the Comintern was dissolved; but the real organization—which always had been secret—remained hidden within the new Cominform, and Malenkov became its director.

Nor was Malenkov's area of operations confined to Czechoslovakia. At the same time, I learned later, he was also handling espionage throughout the world. The Canadian spy trials brought out



that reports collected by the Soviet ring were being forwarded by the Embassy in Ottawa to Malenkov in the Kremlin. The Alger Hiss and Rosenberg cases in the U. S. were the outcome of investigations spurred by these disclosures.

IN THE FEW MONTHS that I remained in Czechoslovakia, prior to my escape, I learned first-hand that the men in the Kremlin today no longer believe in Communism. To them, Communism is only a means of power: it is no longer an object of genuine political faith.

The protagonists of the original ideals died in the purge trials of 1938. What exists now is not Communism but a super-state. And the most typical prototype of the new Soviet man is Malenkov.

Early in my association with the Kremlin, I learned of the fear with which the Russian people regard their government. The instrument by which the Kremlin ensures that its directives are executed by every citizen is a vast organization with certain secret functions, linked to the Communist party. This special arm is the ORPO, also known as the Administration of Cadres. This medium was the creation of Malenkov back in 1934, when he became its organizer and director.

The ORPO's great value to Malenkov is that it exercises control over the Communist Party, which in turn controls the population. The ORPO exercises this power, I learned, in three ways:

First, a nationwide secret service—separate from the NKVD, and, in fact, spying on the NKVD. Its espionage work is chiefly within the Communist Party, with individual

reports made regularly on the work and actions of all members. This becomes the basis of a dossier on all Communists—an individual card index that takes each member from birth up to the present day.

No man can hope to become manager of a factory, win a promotion in the army, become a director of ballet or be appointed to any higher bureaucracy unless his card index in the ORPO contains the proper information. Thus, Malenkov is able to select men who are personally loyal to him.

Second, the ORPO's inspectors cover every section of the Soviet Union. The ORPO thus becomes the pulse through which any change in conditions, as well as scheduling of production quotas, can be enforced by the Kremlin.

The third ORPO function is the administration of cadres—groups of highly trained Communists who work within a larger organization and swing it into line. The most recent instance of the speed with which cadres can act in mobilizing public opinion occurred following Beria's downfall as chief of secret police. At the Stalin auto works in Moscow, the big tractor works in Kharkov and thousands of other factories throughout the Soviet Union, meetings were promptly called to denounce Beria.

The meetings all followed the same pattern. First, the local party secretary read the decision of the Politburo to expel Beria. Immediately workers rose and added their voices, praising the government for its wisdom and prompt action in unmasking Beria's perfidy. These men were all members of cadres, whose roles had been thoroughly

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prepared. But the meetings gave the impression of spontaneous expressions of the wishes of millions of people.

The use of cadres explains why it is that the Communist Party in the Soviet Union had only 6,000,000 members in 1952—yet influenced a population of some 210,000,000. The Communists control the population by the technique of divide-and-rule. And they use the same methods in their diplomatic dealings with other countries.

What are Russia's long-range plans? The Soviets have made no secret of their objectives. In an address to the 19th Party Congress in October, 1952, Malenkov summed them up:

"Our mighty homeland is in its prime and is advancing to new successes. There are no forces in the world capable of halting the onward movement of Soviet society. Ours is an invincible cause. Forward to the world victory of Communism!"

But Malenkov knows that Stalin, in moving toward these ends, made three mistakes. Stalin had set the strategy that Russia must never take any step big enough to alarm the Western world, and particularly the U.S. Yet he did three things which violated his own rules: one was the *coup* in Czechoslovakia; second was the Berlin Blockade; third was the invasion of South Korea.

By those mistakes, Stalin produced the very effects he was so anxious to avoid. He sped up the awakening of the free world to Soviet danger. He brought about

NATO and caused the Western nations to re-examine their armament program.

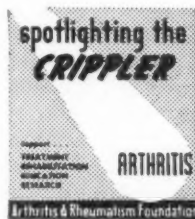
There can be no doubt that Malenkov would like to undo the effects of Stalin's errors. He would like to lull the West, slow its rearmament, loosen the existing alliance, and deepen mistrust between the nations. He knows that if he can lull Western fears sufficiently, then he can take a fresh and more vigorous move toward extending Soviet conquest.

His prime objective is a Big Four Conference, not just of foreign ministers but a meeting at which he would sit with President Eisenhower and the leaders of Britain and France. Such a meeting would be a major triumph for Malenkov since it would strengthen his prestige at home and impress the Western world with the desire to disarm.

Once these objectives have been achieved, Malenkov will be free to pursue his long-term aims. His tactics will be determined by the Soviet's biggest single handicap: her relative weakness industrially compared to the U. S.

Malenkov has said that without industrial superiority no prolonged modern war can be won. If there is one thing in this world that he really fears, it is the overwhelming output of American industry.

No one knows the Soviet's industrial limitations better than Malenkov himself. During the war, he was in charge of Russia's plane production, ultimately boosting output to a reported 40,000 planes a year. He did his job so well that



after the war, in addition to his other posts, he was appointed the country's economic co-ordinator. But because of the over-all magnitude of the U. S. industrial structure, Malenkov knows that in a show-down the U. S. would win.

There is only one way to tip the scales in Russia's favor and that is by a sudden, shattering air attack on American industry. In responsible Soviet circles, I heard comments about what Russia regards as America's greatest weakness: her vulnerability from the air.

These Soviet planners also emphasized that the U. S. was not psychologically prepared for war. They felt that bombing attacks

would produce such panic effects as to break the backbone of the American war effort.

Russian leaders were expressing these views back when Russia, as far as I am aware, had not yet developed her own atomic bomb. Today, the Soviets have the H-bomb.

Malenkov is basing his own future moves on his appraisal of American power on three points—her economic might; her influence throughout the world; and her military preparedness. For the moral, economic and military strength of America is, in Soviet eyes, the only big barrier which separates the Communists from their ultimate goal—world domination.

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PERHAPS the Kangaroo was a primitive attempt, on the part of Mother Nature, to design a safe pedestrian.

—The Scrap Book

ECCENTRIC old Mr. Williams had ordered an antelope from a New York pet shop and, after a year of waiting, he received a small, graceful specimen with soft, lustrous eyes. A week later he returned to the shop.

"My antelope won't eat," he complained.

"What did you feed him?" asked the proprietor.

"Well, I tried giving him vegetables at first, but he wouldn't eat them. Next I gave him fish, but he wouldn't eat that either." Then I tried meats and the same thing happened. I've tried to feed him all sorts of other things, too, but he refuses to eat."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the proprietor. "Didn't you give him any straw?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Williams. "I tried that too. But all he did was sit down and make baskets."

—EVAN ESAR, *The Animal Joke* (Harvest House)

RIDING ON THE SUBWAY during the rush hour, a man was startled to see, sitting opposite him, a gentleman reading a newspaper and paying no attention whatever to a pair of pigeons seated one on each of his shoulders. When the crowd had thinned out somewhat, he



CRACKERS

leaned across the aisle and asked, "I beg your pardon, but would you mind telling me what those pigeons are doing on your shoulders?"

The man looked up from his paper and said, "I don't know. They got on at 14th Street."

—*Thesaurus of Anecdotes* edited by Edmund Fuller, Copyright 1942, by Crown Publishers

IT'S BEEN NOTED that a parrot has been left, in a recently probated will, \$20,000. No doubt this inheritance is causing a lot of talk among the other parrots.

—CAREY WILLIAMS

WILL GOULD tells of a script writer who had been plagued by producers who screamed of "too many mystery films," "too many psychological films" and "too many" others.

Finally the writer came up with a talking-dog story.

"This Fido," the writer told a producer, "makes a horse's neck outa Lassie because he can converse in ten languages, pitch left-handed and sing like Ezio Pinza."

"Great," enthused the producer. "We'll make millions. This dog sounds sensational. What kind of a hound is he?"

"Boxer," said the writer.

"No good," snapped the producer derisively. "We've had too many fight pictures."

—ERSKINE JOHNSON

A ZOO is a place devised so that animals can study the habits of human beings.

—OLIVER HERFORD

ROBERT YOUNG: *Rebel on Rails*

by BOOTON HERNDON

The new "Train X" is a testimonial to his one-man campaign for progress



ONE OF THESE DAYS, not tomorrow perhaps, but certainly in the next year or so, you'll be able to get the smoothest, fastest, safest train ride of your life. As your train goes 150 miles an hour, you'll stroll casually down the aisle without holding on to a thing. Your car will be close to the rails, so snug and secure as it flows smoothly around curves that you can put your brimful glass on the arm of your chair, and not a drop will spill. You'll be safer, statistically, than you would be in your own home, while getting on and off the train will be one simple, easy step—no clambering up steep narrow stairs.

This train of the future is known to its creators as "Train X." It is slated first for service on the Chesapeake & Ohio and the New York Central, but other roads, through natural competition, will eventually have to copy it. After all, the design is mostly just common sense. Instead of hanging tons of equipment under a car, for example, the designers have simply put it all together in one car at the head of the train, thus enabling them to drop the center of gravity down to where it belongs.

And instead of front wheels, which actually tend to climb off the rails, the front of each car of Train X rests on the rear of the car in front of it. There simply are no

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front wheels. The difference in smoothness and safety is amazing.

Train X is just one more product of the mind and energy of Robert R. Young, chairman of the board of the C & O and one of America's best-known capitalists. There are two schools of thought on both Train X and its creator. One is that of the diehard old-timer, who will swear to you with purpled face that Train X is a wild-eyed dream and Young a dangerous crackpot.

The other is expressed by the bright and brave young men with whom Young has surrounded himself. They say that Train X and Young are both long overdue in this country.

"Why," asked one of these young windmill-tilters recently, "why should our top-heavy passenger cars still be the same height off the ground as loading platforms for cotton bales were in 1830? Why—when the only reason for big, old high wheels was so stage coaches could straddle the crowns of 18th-century roads—why do we have them on our flat roadbeds today?"

"If those questions and a million more like them are crackpot questions, then Bob Young is a crackpot—because he's the only man in American railroading with brains enough to ask them and guts enough to do something about them!"

From what you hear about Young, you would expect a thundering colossus. Actually, he is a shy and sentimental little man with white hair, ruddy skin and pale blue eyes whose sudden bright smile can light up a room. Actually, he is a living paradox. His struggle with the emperors of finance (at one time he was at his desk, dictating con-

tinuously, for 42 hours) has left his face lined and drawn at 56, yet he beats golf professionals at several departments of their own game.

He maintains homes at Palm Beach and Newport, and his close friends are the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, but his fierce individualism is on a proud level with the stock from whence he came. Witness his stand against tipping.

"If I'd tipped my barber back home in Texas, he'd have slapped my face," Young says today. "He'd have been right, too, thank God!"

And though he has achieved fame and wealth far beyond even his boyhood dreams, there is tragedy in his life; for he and Mrs. Young lost their only child and have no direct heir to whom they can pass on these blessings. Further, although he's only 56, alert and vigorous with a love for battle, all too frequently he finds himself hopelessly ensnared by red tape and cruel circumstance even before he begins to fight.

Robert Young is today's Prometheus, bound and helpless, a champion under wraps. This is one of the reasons he slashes through seniority and precedent to select men of youthful vigor and courage for key positions.

"Youth is critical, progressive," he says. "It's customary for railroads to select the man with the most seniority who can still stand up for its top jobs. That's not for me—we need the inquiring, critical, probing mind of youth."

The moguls of finance have been swearing at Young for a quarter-century now, but it was not until 1946 that the general public became aware of him. That was when he

took up the cudgel for the tired and battered railway traveler and published that famous advertisement in papers from coast to coast—"A hog can cross the country without changing trains—but YOU can't." That ad, and that alone, forced railroads to give passengers through service from coast to coast.

Since the hog ad, Young has taken his story to the people a dozen times, and he's going to keep on doing it. "Shine the light on it and let the people judge," he says.

If Young likes the people so much, his enemies ask, then why does he hobnob with royalty? The answer is quite simple. "I like this fellow," Young explained at luncheon one day, pointing his fork at the Duke of Windsor.

The series of events which put Young in with royalty began in an explosives factory, where he earned \$62 a month as a cutter. He had left the University of Virginia at 19, after running away and getting married, and he and his bride had turned down his father's offer of a job in his hometown bank of Canadian, Texas. On his own, in a job that called for hard work, he didn't sulk or cry, but hustled.

By the time he was 30, he had moved to General Motors and was making \$35,000 a year. He put \$25,000 of that, along with all his spare time, into stocks and bonds. By 35, he was a millionaire, and he tried to retire. ("Can you *imagine* him retiring?" asks Mrs. Young.) But the sprawling Alleghany Corporation, one of whose properties

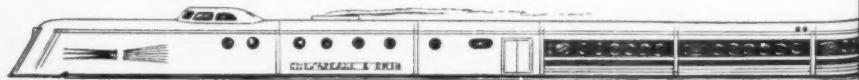
is the C & O, was on the block at the time, and he couldn't resist diving into it, along with Allan P. Kirby, his financial partner. To uphold his end of the deal, Young had to sell everything else he owned.

Today, 20 years later, he is doing the same thing all over again, gradually relinquishing control of the now efficient, profitable C & O, as a part of his dream to acquire the New York Central, which currently pays only two per cent a year on its capital.

Everything this mild little man has, he has had to fight for, and bitterly, ever since his boyhood days. But his greatest battle came even after he had won control of the Chesapeake and Ohio, an uphill struggle which lasted six years, put on his face the wrinkles of a man ten years older and laid him low with a nervous breakdown.

As chairman of the board, he wanted to retire a \$30 million bond issue by the routine railroad procedure of making a new loan. He was horrified to discover ("I'm still amazed at the utter unsophistication I brought to railroad finance," he says today) that when a railroad or public-utility borrowed money, it had no choice as to the terms. The Wall Street houses of Morgan and Kuhn, Loeb handled all such loans. Their terms were usually 95 cents on the dollar, plus interest. For a thousand-dollar bond, in short, you'd get only \$950—and pay interest to boot.

Young, for the first time in financial history, went out of Wall Street



and got a bid, in writing, from a group of Western bankers to lend money at 100 cents on the dollar. He had this bid in his pocket when the representatives of Morgan and Kuhn, Loeb met with the C & O board of directors and announced that they would take the bond issue at 95½ cents.

Then Young pulled the bid from his pocket and read it. There was a stunned silence around the table. What was this madman, Young, up to now? He was tearing down one of the sacred shibboleths of American finance. Then one of the directors caught a joker in the deck. The Western bid expired that very day. He quickly made a motion to adjourn and, thereby, postpone a decision. The motion was seconded.

"Just a moment, gentlemen," said Young, in effect. "This bid means a savings of over one million dollars to the stockholders of the C & O railroad—of which, gentlemen, I am one. I shall note the name of each director voting to adjourn this meeting and report the fact to the stockholders."

The meeting did not adjourn. For the first time, a railroad borrowed money on a competitive bidding basis.

Just a few years ago, Eastern produce houses knew that in a box of ten California melons, five would be rotten or would be picked too green. The Western roads had agreed not to compete with each other going into Chicago, so they all took seven days to make the trip, even if it meant running a car

onto a siding and leaving it there for a day or so.

This was another evil that Young fought. Thanks to him, and better schedules, there is today hardly any spoilage in melons. For every one you buy, Young gives you one free. He still isn't satisfied, though—the roads can still do better. Instead of a hero, however, Young often hears himself called a scoundrel and a fool.

He knows that most of the 2,000-odd directors of the nation's 130 Class I railroads wish he had never been born. Just recently, in a railroad reorganization case, he was called, by a U. S. judge sitting on the bench in Missouri, "a miserable creature." Young cannot answer back. But always, he is thinking about railroad travel and how to improve it.

Thirty years ago, when GM started to abandon the then-experimental Frigidaire, Young, as a company analyst, helped convince top management that there was a future in mechanical refrigeration. Hence, there are few ice boxes in American homes today. But railroads still use ice in their refrigeration cars. Further, they salt ice, which makes brine. And a boy of ten can tell you the corrosive effect of brine on metal—such as the metal of cars and railroad tracks.

Young takes a salary of only \$7,500 a year from C & O. His real source of income is in the earnings of the road, along with the rest of the stockholders. His employees, from the president, on down, are also encouraged to buy stock, to



own what they run. Naturally, they run a better railroad that way.

But Young has frustrations aplenty right in his own backyard. He wants to give passengers efficient and comfortable service, stop the senseless delays in buying tickets, bring travelers back to the safety of the rails. People are the best cargo a road can carry, because, unlike coal, people aren't consumed when they get where they're going; you can always bring them back.

Young wants to do great things for passengers, as witness Train X. But, and here is the most ironical twist of all, he can't. "The C and O wants to haul passengers more than any other road in the country," he says, "but instead, we have to wind around the West Virginia hills to pick up coal."

He would put in a system of free tours for kids, so that every boy in Maine could see the California redwoods, every boy in California could see the nation's Capitol. ("Besides, it's good business. We have kids growing up who've never put foot on a train; we're losing customers.")

When the feeling of frustration is almost more than he can bear, Young can always remember that he does have the final weapon. He has youth on his side. He has gone out and enlisted young men on his team, young men who can think and who are willing to fight. Most of them even made some sort of personal sacrifice to come with him.

Walter J. Tuohy, president of C & O and the oldest of the young men, left the coal industry to come in with Young, knowing that he would make less money. Thomas J. Deegan, Jr., vice-president who

heads passenger travel and public relations, over-rode the advice of Wall Street friends when, at 36, he moved over to the C & O from American Airlines.

When he wanted a man to build Train X, Young went to the aeronautics industry, found a cigar-smoking imaginative engineer named Kenneth Browne, in his thirties. Browne clipped his own wings to build trains for Young.

He got brash, brainy William C. MacMillen, Jr., out of the Air Force. One day Young suggested forming a brand-new, progressive organization of railroad interests. Nobody said anything. Young looked at MacMillen. "Damn it, Mac, *you* do it!" he said.

MacMillen drew up plans for the Federation for Railway Progress. He and Deegan went on a nationwide speaking tour and put the association over. When it came time to get a president, Young looked at MacMillen again. "Damn it, Mac, *you* do it!" he said.

Young, meantime, had to turn his mind to other matters. One was the problem of box-car rental, set by the Association of American Railroads at \$2 a day. This way, any railroad could hold on to one of Young's new all-welded cars for only \$60 a month. He thought this low rental was bad both for the industry as a whole and himself in particular. Worse, he didn't think his representatives in the AAR were being forceful enough. Result: rent upped 50 cents a day, meaning thousands a year to C & O stockholders.

Today MacMillen, at 40, is president of Chesapeake Industries, a Young holding company which

owns eight other corporations ranging from a moving picture studio to a plant manufacturing heavy equipment. He still has time to do battle. Not long ago, it came time for what seemed to be the last gasp in Young's long-drawn-out campaign to gain control of the Missouri-Pacific Railroad. In Wall Street, they were giving odds of 100-1 that this time Young was through. Common stock of the road was down to 15 cents a share.

"Here's the situation," MacMillen explains today. "It's not so complicated as you'd think. We own 500,000 shares of Missouri-Pacific common stock. The road was in bankruptcy when Young got it, and it still is. Its operating cost is 80-odd cents on the dollar—even the New York Central does better than that, and the C & O, with all its mountains, operates in the low 60's. Still the Missouri-Pacific makes money. It has a hundred million in the bank right this minute—in bankruptcy, remember!

"Now the Wall Street boys decided to set the value of the road so low, even with \$100,000,000 in the bank, that it would mean wiping out all the common stock. Young's 500,000 shares, all the other shares

owned by people all over America, would be worthless."

One day, Young came storming in to see MacMillen. "Damn it," he said, "we can't quit! Let's take this thing to the people!"

They planned their campaign. On the day of the hearing, newspapers carried full-page advertisements, taking the case to the people. Witnesses took the stand to show the Mopac's potentialities, how Young had pulled roads in far worse condition out of bankruptcy. When the president, over whom they still retained vestigial control, expressed gloom over the future of the road, they fired him as he stepped down from the witness stand!

Naturally, that made headlines. The people saw, read, got interested, and the plan to squeeze Young and all the little stockholders out was not approved. From 15 cents, the stock shot up to \$15. Young—and MacMillen and Deegan and others—had beat the odds.

And so it is today that Young, at an athletic 56, looks at the eager young men around him. Then he licks his lips and smiles.

"They'll still have Bob Young to lick," he says, "even after I'm dead and gone!"

Extravagant Existence

SARAH, my once-a-week cleaning woman, had several times referred to a quiet little widow in our neighborhood as "a mighty 'stravagant woman."

Finally I pressed for an explanation. "She can't be very extravagant," I insisted. "She gets only a small pen-

sion and hasn't any money to speak of."

"Yes'm," agreed Sarah readily, "I know that. But it isn't money I mean. That woman is all the time doin' things for others. Yes'm, she's wonderful 'stravagant, all right—not with money but with herself!"



—MRS. A. GORDON (Quote)

Do Your Teeth Fit?

by MAX EASTMAN

"YOU MAY NEED to have your bite corrected," my dentist told me.

"Isn't my bark worse than my bite?" I answered flippantly, for we were on friendly terms, despite his having just filled two molars.

"If I said you had a traumatic occlusion, I suppose you'd take me seriously," he said, smiling.

"I'd want to know what you meant, at least."

"I mean that when you close your teeth, they don't come together in such a way that all the main pressures are properly distributed. That doesn't hurt the teeth, but it causes trouble in the supporting tissues."

"What sort of trouble?"

"Quite a variety of troubles that until recently were lumped together under the term pyorrhea."

"Pyorrhea is incurable, isn't it?" I asked.

"You're talking the language of a past epoch," he said. "Don't you know that there's been a revolution in dentistry?" Then he started telling me some things that I think everybody ought to hear.

"Your teeth don't just sit there in your jaws like pegs. The structure that holds them in place and

enables them to chew for a lifetime without wobbling or falling out is delicate and complex. It consists of five different kinds of tissue, all neatly adjusted to each other and to their function. A realization of the primary importance of these supporting tissues, and a practice based on it, is what I call the revolution in dentistry."

"What do you mean by primary importance?" I asked.

"In adults, more teeth are lost because of disease in the supporting tissues than because of decay or any other trouble in the teeth themselves. Dentists ought to direct attention to the supporting structures as well as to the teeth."

"How many of them do?" I asked.

"Not so many as I wish," he said.

"It is estimated that 90 per cent of dental treatment is still treatment of the teeth only. In times past, the average dentist didn't even pretend to have expert knowledge about the supporting tissues. He waited until those tissues got badly infected and then called it pyorrhea and said it was incurable."

"Most of these conditions are not incurable even then. In general, when they are diagnosed and prop-

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erly treated in the early stages, they are among the most easily cured of all diseases."

"Why were people indifferent to them so long?" I asked.

"I'll tell you one reason—they don't hurt! At least they don't hurt until they reach an advanced stage. Another reason is that they are hard to diagnose—it usually requires x-ray pictures and careful clinical inspection. And then, you know, sometimes a word, or a notion, will get stuck in men's minds and block all progress for years.

"The word 'pyorrhea' and the way it has been used has been the road-block on this particular line of march. Some periodontists have given up using it altogether."

"What, please, is a periodontist?"

"A periodontist is a specialist in the diseases of the supporting structures of the teeth."

"Do you have to have specialists for that? Can't the dentist take care of it? I thought you were talking about a revolution in dentistry."

"I am, and the revolution consists of the dentists becoming periodontists. At least up to a certain point. There are conditions of these structures too grave for the regular practicing dentist to handle. But he should know how to treat them up to that point, and he should know when that point is reached.

"Until recently, the average graduate of a dental college didn't know much about the whole subject. The young dentist went into the world unequipped to meet the needs of more than half the patients who came to him. And when teeth which he had repaired, no matter how skilfully, got loose and fell out just the same, he had noth-

ing better to say than that pyorrhea is incurable.

"Now, things are changing rapidly. Courses in periodontia are offered to undergraduates in all our dental schools. Instead of learning about one disease and being told that it is incurable, they learn about a whole set of conditions springing from various causes. And they learn that not one is incurable except after years of neglect. Many people still neglect them. But if they go to an alert dentist, they will learn to take the supporting tissues as seriously as they take the teeth."

"When people take their gums seriously, what do they do about them?" I asked.

"That brings us right up into the front line of the modern advance in dentistry," he said. "You see, we must not only recognize the importance of diseases in the supporting tissues, but also understand the causes."

"That's where my bite comes in," I said.

"Of course," he replied. "Your teeth and jaws are a very delicately adjusted machine. Your jaw muscles are among the most powerful muscles in the body. They bring your teeth together with tremendous force thousands of times a day, exerting a pressure that can go as high as 300 pounds. That may mean a total of 25 tons in one day. Isn't it obvious that if the machine is to stay in order, they've got to come together right?"

"Of course, other things may affect your gums—nutritional deficiencies, allergies, infectious diseases, worn fillings and inlays and tartar deposits. We have to look out for them. But what most com-

monly injures and gradually breaks down the structures supporting the teeth is the jarring action resulting from improperly adjusted tooth surfaces coming together every time you close your jaws."

"I'd like to know how you correct a bite. What do you do?"

"Well, let me give you a simple example. Suppose a tooth is missing, or wanders out of place. The opposite tooth doesn't get any pressure when you chew. That's just as bad as pressure in the wrong direction. All teeth need exercise. That's why we feed bones to a dog. But did it ever occur to you that a single tooth in your mouth might need exercise?"

"Every organ needs to function in order to keep healthy—that is the basic principle. A missing tooth should be replaced immediately, especially in growing children whose entire jaw development, and even facial appearance, may be affected by it. And a migrating tooth should be brought back where it belongs.

"Those are simple cases, and the measures to be taken are obvious. However, suppose all your teeth are there, but some of them don't come together. Or suppose they come together in such a way that, instead of an up and down thrust, some of them get pushed sideways with terrific leverage whenever you chew or grit your teeth. That is just as bad, but the method of correction is a little more complex. It consists

of restoring the relationship of the teeth to each other so that they will mesh properly.

"Sometimes a tooth is centered below the biting plane of its mates and must be raised a bit. This can be done by trimming off the crown and building a new one of gold—or gold and plastic where appearance demands it. Skillfully done, it results in the tooth's getting exercise, in the right direction.

"In other cases, the crowns of some teeth may jut up too high above the adjoining teeth and must be polished down. Sometimes the high points of the chewing surface, what we call the cusps, may hit each other too hard. In such cases we trim them off so they meet evenly.

"That will give you an idea of what I mean by correcting a bite."

"It's about the same thing that movie stars sometimes do for the camera's sake, isn't it?" I asked.

"Not quite, but that's a part of the general picture."

"And doesn't it take a movie star's salary to pay for it?"

"What little I would do to your bite wouldn't cost you \$50. In bad cases, a complete mouth rehabilitation may cost quite a lot. But it will rarely cost more in a lump sum than the patient will pay out in dribbles over the years, tinkering ineffectually with a chewing machine that is being destroyed by its own operation. That is bad finance, as well as bad mechanics."

Fast Indeed!

SOMEONE SHIPPED TWO RABBITS by air express from the west to the east coast. The crate arrived with two rabbits. That's fast transportation.

—P. T. L. News



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Cues from Robert Q.



IN SCHOOL I WAS always getting punished for things I didn't do—my arithmetic, my history, my biology. The day I was promoted from fifth to sixth grade, I was so excited I could hardly shave.

I LOVE MY AUDIENCE. Where would Gregory Peck be without his fans? Where would Godfrey be without his fans? Where would Sally Rand be without *her* fans?

TODAY, THIS COUNTRY is ready to settle for a *bad* five-cent cigar.

IT TOOK THE EARLY settlers months to cross the country. With today's traffic, that's still good time.

I NEVER KNEW how much nerve it took to be a cop, until I saw one borrow a pen from a motorist . . . to write him a ticket.

THE BEST PLACE to park your car today is right in the middle of traffic. Nobody'll expect you to move it.

DID YOU EVER HEAR of anyone putting gloves into a glove compartment in a car?

I OVERHEARD TWO WOMEN talking, and gasped when one of them said: "The thing I hate most about parking a car is that awful sickening crash!"

HERE'S THE DIFFERENCE between a fiancée and a wife: The first wonders when he'll go home and the second wonders when he'll come home.

THE ONLY THING most women regret about their past is its length.

THE WALLS OF A HOTEL room I once had were so thin that whenever someone upstairs turned on a sunlamp, I got a tan.

IN PARIS I FOUND the world's most beloved capital—American money!

IN AMERICA, if you see a pretty woman you'd like to approach, you can't. The cop arrests you. In Paris, the cop introduces you.

IN ROME it's impossible to do as the Romans do. The only people you see there are American tourists.

TO ENJOY A VACATION your money should outweigh your baggage.

A COCKTAIL PARTY is where everybody talks too much *before* they've had a drink.

DEPARTMENT STORES are getting more considerate all the time. Now, if they don't have what you want, they refer you to the give-away show that handles it.—ROBERT Q. LEWIS

Finding Time to Read

by LOUIS SHORES

IF YOU ARE AN AVERAGE READER, you can read an average book at the rate of 300 words a minute. You cannot maintain that average, however, unless you read regularly every day. Nor can you attain that speed with "hard" books in science, mathematics, agriculture, business, or any subject that is new to you.

The chances are you will never attempt that speed with poetry or want to race through some passages in fiction over which you wish to linger. But for most novels, biographies and books about travel, hobbies or personal interests, if you are an average reader, you should have no trouble at all absorbing meaning and pleasure out of 300 printed words every 60 seconds.

Statistics are not always practicable, but consider these: If the average reader can read 300 words a minute of average reading, then in 15 minutes he can read 4,500 words. Multiplied by seven, the days of the week, the product is 31,500. Another multiplication by four, the weeks of the month, makes 126,000. And final multiplication by 12, the months of the year, results in a grand total of 1,512,000 words. That is the total number of words of average reading an average reader can do in just 15 minutes a day for one year.

Books vary in length from 60,000 to 100,000 words. The average is

It takes only a little determination and a few spare minutes a day to become a well-read person

about 75,000 words. In one year of average reading by an average reader for 15 minutes a day, 20 books will be read. That's a lot of books. It is four times the number read by public-library borrowers in America. And yet it is easily possible.

One of the greatest of all modern physicians was Sir William Osler, who taught at Johns Hopkins Medical School. He finished his teaching days at the University of Oxford. Many of the outstanding physicians of today were his students. Nearly all the practicing doctors of today were brought up on his medical textbooks. Among his many remarkable contributions to medicine are his notes on how people die.

His greatness is attributed by his biographers and critics not alone to his profound medical knowledge and insight, but also to his broad general education, for he was a very cultured man. He was interested in what men have done and thought throughout the ages. And he knew that the only way to find out what the best experiences of the race had been was to read what people had written.

But Osler's problem was the same as everyone else's, only more so. He was a busy physician, a teacher of physicians and a medical-research specialist. There was no time in a 24-hour day that did not

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rightly belong to one of these three occupations, except the few hours for sleep and meals.

Osler arrived at his solution early. He would read the last half-hour before he went to sleep. If bedtime was set for 11 P.M. he read from 11 to 11:30. If research kept him up to 2 A.M., he read from 2 to 2:30. Over a very long lifetime, Osler never broke the rule. We have evidence that after a while, he simply could not fall asleep until he had done his 30 minutes of reading.

In his lifetime, Osler read a significant library of books. Just do a mental calculation for half a century of 15-minute reading periods daily and see how many books you get. Consider what a range of interests and variety of subjects are possible in one lifetime!

Osler read widely outside of his medical specialty. Indeed, he developed from this 30-minute reading habit an avocational specialty to balance his vocational specialization. Among scholars in English literature, Osler is known as an authority on Sir Thomas Browne, 17th-century English prose master, and Osler's collection of Sir Thomas's works is considered one of the best anywhere.

A GREAT MANY more things could be said about Osler's contribution to medical research, to the reform of medical teaching, to the introduction of modern clinical methods. But the important point is that he answered supremely well for himself the question all of us who live a busy life must answer: How can I find time to read?

The answer may not be the last 15 minutes before you go to sleep.

It may be 15 minutes a day at some other time. In the busiest of calendars there is probably more than one 15-minute period tucked away somewhere still unassigned. I've seen some curious solutions to the problem of finding time for reading.

During Army days in the last year of the war, I discovered a Pfc. in my squadron who seemed unusually well-read. I checked in his 201 file and found a remarkable civilian and military biography. His four years of service included two overseas, all meritorious but without heroics. Had all of his recommendations for promotion gone through, he would have had not only his commission, but probably the rank of captain.

But here he was, still a private first-class—because, despite the military emphasis on education, efficiency, loyalty and all other criteria for determining promotion, accident plays a most important part. Every time this Pfc. had been recommended for promotion, except once, he had been transferred, or come up against a table of organization limitations, or a new change in regulations, or a superior officer who had filled out the forms incorrectly. And so he had remained a Pfc., and had taken his reward in reading. The amount he did in the Army was prodigious.

I was curious about his method. And one day, before I asked him, I found a partial answer. Every day the enlisted men put in an hour of drill and formations. During that time at least one fairly long period of rest was called. Imagine my surprise on my first visit to the drill field when, at the command "rest!" I saw one man in the line pull out a

paper pocket-book and begin to read, standing up.

When I talked with him, I found that from boyhood he had developed the habit of carrying a little book from which he read every minute he was not doing something else. He found a book especially useful and relaxing during the periods of waiting which all of us experience daily—waiting for meals, buses, doctors, hair cuts, telephone calls, dates, performances to begin, or something to happen. There were his 15 minutes a day, or more. There were his 20 books a year—1,000 in a lifetime.

No universal formula can be prescribed. Each of us must find our own 15-minute period each day. It is better if it is regular. Then all additional spare minutes are so many bonuses. And, believe me, the opportunity for reading-bonuses

are many and unexpected. On a recent night an uninvited guest turned up to make five for bridge. I had the kind of paper-book at hand to make being the fifth at bridge a pleasure.

The only requirement is the will to read. With it you can find the 15 minutes no matter how busy the day. And you must have the book at hand. Not even seconds of your 15 minutes must be wasted starting to read. Set that book out in advance. Put it into your pocket when you dress. Put another beside your bed. Place one in your bathroom. Keep one near your dining table.

You can't escape reading 15 minutes a day, and that means you will read half a book a week, two books a month, 20 a year and 1,000 or more in a reading lifetime. Surely, that is an easy way to become well-read.

👑 👑 NEXT MONTH IN CORONET 👑 👑

"26 Ways to Cut Your Income Tax" by Ralph Wallace

Most overpayments on income tax are the result of failure to take *full* advantage of *all* deductions to which you are entitled. This timely feature includes an itemized alphabet of deductions most frequently overlooked—deductions which may save you many dollars on March 15th.

"Your Handwriting: Clue to Character" by Jerome S. Meyer

Handwriting is as much a personality trait as other mannerisms. But how can your handwriting reveal character secrets? You will find the answer in this condensation of a fascinating new book, complete with charts and diagrams for analyzing your handwriting and that of friends.

"Dogs Are Dumb!" by Richard Hubler

Only man's sentimentality has caused him to endow the dog with intelligence and such human attributes as loyalty and affection. In reality, dogs care about nothing but their own comfort—or at least, that is what this author says. Here is an article which you will find yourself discussing and debating, whether you are a dog-lover or not.

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ANTIVIVISECTION: A THREAT TO YOU

by HARRIET HESTER

How pressure groups have kept medicine from performing vital experiments

HALF A DOZEN people were in the waiting room—most of them with dogs on leash. The attendant beckoned to a small boy cuddling a shaggy brown mongrel in his arms.

Still carrying his dog, the boy followed the attendant down the long brick hall with its pungent odor of animals and antiseptics. At the door of an office he hesitated, clutching the dog more tightly and gazing with frightened eyes toward the desk in the corner.

The man at the desk looked up. "You wanted to see me, son?"

"Yes, sir. It's about Rags. My mother says I can't keep him any more. We've got to move, and this new place, they don't allow . . . You—you will find him a good home, won't you? He's a swell dog! And smart! I mean, he's got lots of tricks, haven't you, Rags? Like anything you throw to him, he'll bring it right back to you."

"We'll do our best, son," the man said gently.

"Well—I gotta go." The boy rumped the dog's ears with loving roughness. "Bye, Rags . . ."

The man watched him rush from the room, stumbling a little as he



drew his jacket-sleeve across his eyes.

"Poor kid! And this is a nice little mutt, too," the attendant muttered. "Fine chance we have of finding a home for a pup like him, though. Most likely he'll end up in the gas chamber." The man

sighed. "But we'll see what we can do . . ."

Millions of dogs in this country meet Rags' fate every year. Some, like Rags, are pets whose families can no longer care for them; some are strays or lost dogs; some have been taken to shelters specifically for disposal.

The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, various animal shelters and other humane organizations place as many homeless dogs as they can with new owners, but the number so placed is very small compared to those "put away" every year.

And at the same time that this is happening, studies made by the National Society for Medical Research show that many of our top medical schools and scientific research centers are seriously handicapped in their medical research, teaching, or both, because they cannot secure the experimental animals

—principally dogs—which are needed for lifesaving work.

Incredible as it may seem, this contradictory state of affairs has been brought about by a relatively small number of people banded together in groups under the general name of antivivisectionists. These persons purport to be lovers of animals and to be working to prevent “torture” by “scientific sadists.”

In the legislative sessions this year, as every year, they can be counted upon to beat the drums for the enactment of laws prohibiting the use of animals in scientific laboratories, or to clamor against bills which would save for life-protecting medical studies some of the millions of dogs now uselessly destroyed.

Their efforts are in complete disregard of facts. In the first place, laboratory experimental animals are not tortured. A visit to any such laboratory—and, contrary to the declarations of the antivivisectionists, all of them are open to visitors—will give convincing proof that these animals are better fed, better cared-for and more affectionately treated than are many pets in private homes.

“Few laymen know that animal experiments are only performed in the laboratories of universities, medical schools, hospital and pharmaceutical research institutes by and under the direction of trained scientists,” says Dr. A. C. Ivy in the *Journal of the American Pharmaceutical Association*. “Neither is it always realized that it is in the interest of the scientist to treat his animals well and to obtain their confidence. For a cooperative ani-

mal greatly facilitates scientific studies. And when painful operations are needed, animals are anesthetized just like human patients.”

Anton Rost, president of the Professional Dog Judges Association, backs up Dr. Ivy’s statement. “Having visited more than 500 dogs in unannounced inspections of laboratories across the country,” says Rost, “I have never seen even one dog that gave evidence of cruelty or mistreatment. Not one of the dogs failed to come eagerly to scientists and caretakers and all were eager to be petted. You can’t teach a dog to act joyfully when he has been mistreated. If you hurt a dog, he won’t act happy.”

Sometimes, it is true, animals do die as the result of scientific experiments. But, when they do, their lives are forfeit for those of human beings upon whom the same experimental technique might otherwise have been tested.

STEVEY is an experimental animal at the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York. For some years now, he has had a steel ball for a shoulder, a plastic and steel shaft replacing the bone of one foreleg. It is better-looking than the other foreleg and, from Stevey’s capers upon it, equally comfortable. Because he has it, surgeons have achieved a new technique for replacing human bones shattered by wounds or accidents.

There are many other canine celebrities of science. Queenie, of the Rockefeller Institute, has helped scientists to learn more about kidney ailments; Blackie, of Cornell University Medical College, has already helped to demonstrate two

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It is difficult for any sensible person to understand a dog-lover who would prefer to see Rags sent to the gas chamber rather than to give him a chance for a life of service such as these dogs enjoy. Dogs are of vital importance in medical training and research because in much of their anatomy, and in many of their physiological processes and reactions, they closely resemble human beings.

In many cases, the surgeon who operates upon you has perfected his skill by performing the same operation upon dogs before he attempted it upon a human being. The vaccines which protect you and your children from contagious diseases; the insulin which has saved the lives of millions of diabetics; the digitalis upon which those with heart trouble depend; the blood plasma, sulfas and penicillin which cut deaths from wounds to only three per cent in World War II—all these are benefits which could not have been gained except through animal experimentation.

The antivivisectionists choose to overlook these facts. Indeed, the true antivivisectionist denies them! It is difficult to take the antivivisectionists seriously. Yet the medical profession and other scientific groups have been compelled to do so. Pressures from these organizations have created a bottleneck in medical progress which is more than an inconvenience to scientists. It threatens your life and health.

In these war-shadowed days, the

words of Dr. Charles F. Lombard, chairman, department of aviation medicine, University of Southern California, are important to all of us: "The safety and very existence of our nation may depend upon the high-speed planes and pilots for whom we are developing safety and protective devices. Our ability to develop these depends upon our having a supply of experimental animals. Every day this supply is delayed and denied us postpones the day when our high-speed aircraft will be the most safe and potent."

Veterinary schools, too, are handicapped. The very institutions which are educating experts to care for our pets are unable to secure pound animals needed for their training. But this is not more remarkable than the antivivisectionists' blindness to benefits which the experimentation they abhor has brought to animals.

The sulfonamides have enabled thousands of animals suffering from pneumonia and other infections to survive; rabies, hookworm, distemper and many other animal diseases have been brought under control as the result of medical research involving animal experimentation.

PRESSURE FROM antivivisectionist groups often makes it politically infeasible and practically impossible to release dogs from pounds for scientific purposes. An occurrence in Los Angeles before the present local ordinance was adopted showed what this can mean in terms of life and death.

Los Angeles has six city dog pounds, and a few years ago the



keeper of one pound was "disposing" of some 125 dogs a week.

The keeper had a young child who was a "blue baby." That is, she was born with a faulty heart construction, so that not enough blood could reach her lungs to pick up needed oxygen. Her prospect for life was short.

The surgeon who was consulted knew that her condition might be corrected by means of an extremely delicate operation upon the heart. But the operation was relatively new, and he had not had experience with it. Before attempting it upon the child, he wanted to make certain of his skill by performing it upon dogs.

The pound-keeper, who was constrained to kill 125 dogs a week, could not get permission to turn any of these animals over to the surgeon. Dogs to save the life of his child had to be purchased from a dealer outside the state.

Two of these dogs died. The others lived—and so did the child, because the surgeon had perfected his technique.

How could a small group of antivivisectionists—50,000 at most—become such a menace to the welfare of everyone? The antivivisection movement was first organized in this country in 1833. Since then, it has never achieved a unified na-

tional organization. During the last 20 years, however, the movement has come into the hands of professional promoters. For them, antivivisection is a big business.

Training their high-powered talents on the general public, these men use every conceivable maneuver to arouse the sympathies of all people who love animals.

Legislative campaigns to outlaw animal experimentation have been the perennial peg on which to hang membership and fund-raising efforts. Huge mailings of sensational material are routine procedure in all antivivisectionist organizations. Several issue publications. Typical of these are such scare heads as "Would you like your dog's eyes burned out with acid?"

That any such movement could be a threat to our national health and welfare seems absurd. The only solution is to see to it that the public is fully informed, that legislators understand the consequences of legislation submitted to them, and that the support of both legislators and people is given to constructive measures which regulate the use of animals for laboratory purposes, and release humane societies and pounds from the pressures which now force wholesale slaughter of animals which could be spared for valuable service.



Anatomically Speaking

(Answers to quiz on page 79)

1. c; 2. a; 3. a; 4. c; 5. a; 6. b; 7. b; 8. b; 9. b, a; 10. a; 11. c; 12. d; 13. b; 14. b; 15. a (4% of men, 0.4% of women); 16. a; 17. b; 18. c; 19. b.

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JANUAR

Aluminum's Story

by RUTH SHIELDON KNOWLES

Mankind finds more and more uses for the miracle metal of the 20th century

CROWDS MILLING IN FRONT of Tiffany's window one bright spring day in 1884 had eyes only for an odd silvery metal pyramid sparkling against black velvet. The fact that this strange object would crown the Washington Monument was of secondary interest. The excited buzz of admiration concerned what it was made of—a rare, precious metal—aluminum.

The men commented knowingly that its 100 ounces was the largest casting in the world of this amazing new metal which would not rust. The ladies sighed over its beautiful sheen. No wonder Emperor Napoleon III had ordered that his most honored guests be provided with aluminum spoons and forks, while less important members of the court had to be content with mere gold and silver service.

The metal pyramid gleamed as regally as any of Tiffany's rubies, sapphires or topazes—and properly so, for this was the pure ore of which those jewels are compounds. Yet few of its admirers that day realized that a shovelful of clay from any of their back yards would have yielded



a pound of this aristocrat—if cost were no object.

At that very moment, an intense youth was working in an Ohio woodshed, searching for a chemical key to unlock this most plentiful of all metals from the earth's crust. His success, two years later, was to lead to such an abundance of aluminum that the tip of the Washington Monument would be a shining prophecy of the theme metal of the 20th century.

Its most familiar virtue, of course, is its buoyantly light weight. Aluminum vehicles enable man to transport more things, faster, by air, land and sea. Aluminum passenger and freight cars are the current forerunners of all-aluminum trains. The speed record of the superliner *United States* is partially due to its all-aluminum superstructure,

the largest single aluminum assembly in history. Without aluminum, our huge military and civilian aircraft would be unrealized dreams.

Due to aluminum's lightness, American women no longer have to struggle with heavy kitchen equipment and can easily move the baby's bathinette or the breakfast room and lawn furniture. No other metal is so workable, as it can be shaped in any way. No wonder it is made into thousands of things, from great gasoline tanks to bottle caps, from washing machines to ashtrays.

The new trend in building construction is toward the use of more and more aluminum in exterior walls, ceilings, stairs, wiring and hardware. Tomorrow's skyscrapers will be the lightest and most practical buildings ever built, as already demonstrated by the new 30-story Aluminum Company of America's office building in Pittsburgh, which is practically all aluminum.

Of all metals, aluminum best reflects the sun's heat rays, consequently making cooler buildings. It also reflects large amounts of light. Admiral Byrd lined his hut in the Antarctic with aluminum-foil so that it reflected both heat and light back into the room.

Aluminum's moisture-proof and non-toxic qualities have made aluminum-foil the most familiar food-packaging material for fresh, frozen and dehydrated foods. It is so superior for preservative purposes that an aluminum-foil salesman, going abroad recently, got into trouble over it. He had several display cartons of cigarettes which had been sealed for two years in foil. A skeptical customs official smoked one cigarette and found it so fresh he

refused to believe it was part of a sales demonstration and insisted on payment of a high duty.

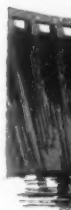
In view of aluminum's indispensable and inexhaustible uses, and the fact that it forms about one-twelfth of the earth's crust, it seems incredible that it has just come into its own. A commercial metal for only 57 years, it is now first among non-ferrous metals in volume produced.

UNLIKE GOLD OR SILVER, aluminum is never found in its pure state. Although almost all common rocks and clays contain aluminum, it is always chemically combined with other elements.

A Danish physics professor was first able to produce metallic aluminum in the laboratory in 1845. A few years later, a German scientist produced pinhead-sized particles, from which he could tell some of aluminum's amazing qualities.

A French scientist discovered a laboratory method of obtaining large lumps, and through the patronage of Napoleon III, who dreamed of the military advantages of light-weight armor and equipment, he was able to improve his method so that the cost of aluminum dropped from \$545 a pound to \$17 in 1859. But that was still too expensive for any practical or large-scale use and the 1859 world production was exactly two tons.

Then occurred one of those extraordinary coincidences which reaffirms the universal availability of ideas. Stimulated by the desire to find a practical chemical method of obtaining aluminum cheaply, a young Frenchman, Paul Héroult, and a young American, Charles Martin Hall, began experimenting.

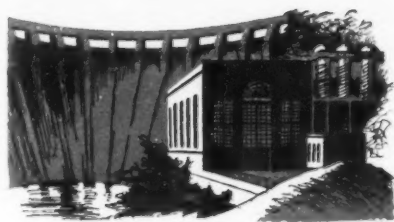


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Born the same year, they each developed the same refining process in 1886, when both were 22, neither knowing of the other's work. Hall's patents established the American aluminum industry and Héroult's the European. To cap the parallel of their lives, both died in 1914, famous, rich and leaders of aluminum research.

When Hall first started producing aluminum commercially in a shed in Pittsburgh, it was a real feat to produce 50 pounds a day from two small pots. In aluminum plants today, using the same method, long lines of modern pots easily yield half a million pounds daily, molded into bars or "pigs," each of which weighs 50 pounds. In 1952, the world's aluminum plants poured forth over two million tons of pigs at a price of 20 cents a pound.

Equally as vast and impressive are the plants manufacturing alumina—the sugar-like aluminum oxide powder obtained from aluminum-rich ores called bauxite, after the French town of Baux where one of the first deposits was found in 1821. Rich bauxite deposits are found in France, British and Dutch Guianas, Dalmatia, Russia, western Hungary, Jamaica and the states of Arkansas, Georgia, Mississippi, Tennessee and Alabama.

In one of the country's biggest alumina plants, tucked away in the

southern Arkansas mountains near Hot Springs, more than 1,000 workers seem almost non-existent in the sprawling maze of huge witches' cauldrons, great kilns and big storage bins. Although Arkansas has some rich bauxite deposits, the greater part of its reserves are relatively low in aluminum content, and rich South American and Jamaican ores are brought to mix with Arkansas ores. The U. S. is dependent upon imports for more than half its ore requirements, which is why aluminum research is concentrating on how to use low-grade ore deposits economically.

As important as the source of aluminum-rich ores is the electric power for the Hall-Héroult process to obtain the pure metal. The aluminum industry is the world's largest user of electric power—a single reduction plant using in a day more than a city the size of Cincinnati. The aluminum age has been made possible only because it came at the same time as the development of great hydro-electric projects making low-cost electricity available.

As important as electric power in aluminum's story is the power of imagination which its producers have generated in making it today's indispensable metal. American salesmanship has been the priceless alloy in every aluminum product. When Hall and the young Pittsburgh men, who financed him in what later became the Aluminum Company of America, excitedly produced their first pigs of shiny metal, they had great difficulty in persuading manufacturers that it was practical to use. One of the very first aluminum castings was a teakettle which the young company

made to show a kitchen utensil manufacturer it could be done.

The manufacturer was delighted and placed a big order for teakettles of that design but not for the metal. This pattern has been repeated endlessly in the industry's development. The metal producers have themselves pioneered the multiple uses of aluminum.

Until Reynolds Metal Company entered the field in 1941, Aluminum Company of America, or Alcoa, was the only large producer. After World War II, Kaiser Aluminum Company was formed; and production is now divided between these three, with Alcoa producing 50 per cent, Reynolds 30 per cent and Kaiser 20 per cent.

Domestic competition plus greater supply has skyrocketed the uses of aluminum. Today there are some 20,000 aluminum fabricating companies and the little aluminum pig goes to more markets around the world than any other metal.

Aluminum's military uses have not only realized Napoleon III's dream of light-weight armor in today's flak suit and helmets but also have made it the key metal of modern warfare. It is indispensable

for planes, boats, ships and submarines, as well as innumerable other armed services' uses.

Aluminum foil played an odd part in defeating the Germans in World War II. Harvard's radio research laboratory discovered that 2-ounce aluminum strips released in the air caused echoes on radar which looked like bombers. Preceding D-Day, the Allies released these strips over Germany at the rate of more than 20 billion pieces a month. Although no planes were visible, the Germans thought they were being besieged by huge air armadas.

The glittering aluminum pigs pouring from America's pots in greater numbers every day represent more than the 20th century's theme metal—they tell a stirring industrial parable of our time. In a world whose average citizen goes to bed hungry, is sick most of the time and lives in the darkness of poverty and fear, the idea that the basic law of nature and man's natural state is abundance for all seems a mockery. Yet every pig of aluminum is a shining symbol of proven fact that wherever man is free to meet nature's challenge he creates abundance for all.

Fore!

MAN BLAMES FATE for other accidents but feels personally responsible when he makes a hole in one. —Blases



BEN HOGAN'S WINNING of the National Open recalled to Henry Stambaugh the time he interviewed Byron Nelson on the radio about Hogan. Stambaugh asked, "What's the toughest part of Hogan's game for a competitor like you?"

Snapped Nelson, without hesitation, "When he shows up at the tournament."

—JOHN M. CARLISLE in the *Detroit News*

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Five Kinds of Love for Mature Women

from the new book, "THE MATURE WOMAN"

by DR. ANNA K. DANIELS

EVERYONE SEEKS LOVE. From cradle to grave, life is one long search for love, for affection, devotion and understanding.

As infants, we instinctively reach out for love to our mothers. As children we turn for it to parents, to brothers and sisters, to friends. As adolescents, we seek affection and companionship from members of our own sex—which is the normal homosexual stage of human development. As adults, we look for love from members of the opposite sex.

Yet, although almost every human being seeks love, few men and women seem to realize there are different attitudes of love. What is an "attitude of love"? It is what a person expects to get out of an intimate relationship between himself and another human being.

You may object that this limits love to a selfish basis. You may point out, rightly, that often love is unselfish, that a woman or man in love will make great sacrifices for it, that a person is not always seeking to get something out of that

relationship, that frequently he may be more eager to *give* something of himself. Quite true.

Nevertheless, we can't afford to delude ourselves. We must recognize that even when a person makes the greatest and most selfish sacrifice, he is really getting something in return—a tremendous amount of ego satisfaction.

That something does not necessarily have to be material, or even anything that can be put into words. Often, it is so vague an individual doesn't know why he is drawn to the other person. But I stress the point in order to make it clear that if you want to succeed at love, you must first decide what it is you want from love—what you expect to get from it.

This may seem cold-blooded, but unless you really know what you're after, you'll be thrashing about blindly in the dark all your life, never finding love, constantly feeling cheated and frustrated, forever being lonely.

There is no excuse for any mature woman not understanding the facts

of life. There is even less excuse for her not understanding the facts of love. There are only five basic kinds or "attitudes":

1. The romantic.
2. The physical.
3. The procreative.
4. The spiritual.
5. The realistic.

While each is separate and distinct, each overlaps the other to some extent and there are features they have in common. Let us define and analyze them:

1. *The Romantic.* This is the story-book, fairy-tale attitude. It has been glorified, glamorized and gilded by Hollywood, fiction, TV and radio, so it has little or no relation to reality.

According to the romantic ideal of love and marriage, a man and woman meet (generally under the most unlikely circumstances), fall in love at first sight and, after they have overcome certain obstacles, get married and live happily ever after. Each member of the partnership is the perfect "soul-mate" of the other, the one and only person destined for the other. And each immediately, instinctively, recognizes that fact the moment he lays eyes upon the other. There is no process of gradually getting acquainted, of growing into love, of learning whether they really are soul-mates.

You'd be amazed how many marriages go on the rocks simply because the teammates look upon love as a flaming hot rivet that suddenly hits you in the neck and bowls you over. And when they discover that after the ecstasy and excite-

ment are over, they have to work, and work hard, at love, they become disillusioned.

Although this romanticism is more prevalent in this country than anywhere else in the world, the fact is, it has been around a long time. That it is a beautiful ideal, no one can deny. But like so many beautiful things in this world, it is unsound and dangerous precisely because it is so beautiful.

How dangerous the romantic attitude can be is demonstrated by the experience of a friend of mine, Albert Gray, a successful artist in his early forties. A bachelor, he fell in love with a girl of 27 who was studying voice.

Although there was a difference of 15 years in ages, it was more than compensated by the fact they had so many interests in common. Both were people of education and culture. Both were mature, well-balanced, thoughtful.

Albert was quite youthful in appearance and could easily pass for a man in his early thirties. Being a man of sense, as well as sensibility, he refused to take advantage of that fact, and early in his relationship with Helen, he told her his right age.

Helen responded to his love ardently. She had never met a man like him—vital, intense, charming, successful in his profession, yet always kind, considerate, understanding. She found that being with him was completely satisfying and relaxing. And, in spite of their age difference, she found him physically attractive.

But Helen was a romanticist. She thought of love in terms of the



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beautiful young princess who is carried off by the handsome young prince. For all her education and seeming maturity, she just couldn't understand Albert's attraction. It puzzled her. From the start, she kept telling him she couldn't understand it. And he kept telling her not to try, just to accept the gifts the gods gave her without question.

But Helen was the analytic type. She could not be in love without knowing *why* she was in love. Especially with a man who was so much older than herself and with whom, reason told her, she should not be in love. The result can easily be guessed.

No relationship could possibly survive such cold-blooded analysis. It really wasn't so much a question of Albert's age. No man, young or old, could possibly have come up to Helen's romantic dream prince. Until she learns to live, and love, in a world of realities, Helen is doomed to a loveless, lonely life.

2. *The Physical.* This love-attitude is at the opposite pole from the romantic. And it is usually at the opposite pole from most women's desires. It is predominantly masculine.

Men, as a rule, are not too concerned with the spiritual values of love. Their interest is primarily physical. Nevertheless, the wise woman, determined to face life realistically, will accept this fact and adjust to it.

Actually, there is sound biological reason for this attitude on the part of many men. Psychologically, as well as physically, man is the aggressor. It is he who does the pursuing; throughout, his is the active role, the woman's the passive. There

are some women who seek to reverse these roles, to become the hunters themselves. They generally come to grief, for men resent being pursued, and are unhappy if they are robbed of the pleasure of the chase. Furthermore, even if the woman's pursuit should meet with success, the resulting relationship is likely to be overshadowed by the male's feeling that he has been "caught."

MANY WOMEN view the physical aspects of love as so distasteful that they shun marriage and prefer to remain single. But this kind of prudery is as dangerous as it is unrealistic. In reality, sex, in and of itself, is simply a normal function of the human body.

"The urge for sexual expression is neither moral nor immoral," declares Dr. O. Spurgeon English of Temple University. "How this urge for expression is handled by the individual can, however, be moral or immoral, and that is up to responsible adults to teach."

Many women are brought up to believe that sexual intercourse is little better than a "necessary evil" that must be endured to fulfill their marital duties and have children. Such women should pause to consider the physiological picture. The mere nearness of an attractive woman has a direct physical effect on a normal male. It awakens his sexual desires.

A woman should realize that this process is instinctive, automatic. It is a completely natural urge, and there is no reason for a woman to regard a man as a "beast" simply because he desires her. Yet how many women patients come to see me and cry, "My husband is a

beast! The minute he sees me, he wants to rush me off to bed!"

My invariable reply is: "You should feel flattered he feels that way about you. If you want to be happy, see to it that he never loses that feeling."

Every woman must learn that the physical aspects of love are an essential, integral part of love. They can neither be omitted, slighted or treated in an offhand manner. "The only sound motive for happy marriage," says Dr. Walter R. Stokes, "is being overwhelmingly in love on a frankly sexual basis, centering about physical desire. There is much more to a good marriage than this, but always it should be the solid foundation. It provides satisfactions that make marriage seem a happy way of life. From it flow motives of good feeling that overcome most marital problems."

Men, on the other hand, should realize that a woman must generally be prepared for love-making. They must be made to see that a woman must be wooed each and every time they have intercourse, even though they may have been married for years. And not merely in the few minutes before the act itself takes place, but whenever they are alone.

No man can afford to take his woman for granted, if he wishes to be happy in his relationship with her. And a clever woman will make a man see that from his own standpoint, he is better off by satisfying her as well as himself.

Here, as in every other activity of life, it takes two to make a bargain. A couple can achieve a successful relationship in which the physical plays a dominant part, provided

the husband and wife never forget that it is a partnership and that both must draw dividends of satisfaction and joy.

3. *The Procreative.* Man is ruled by two primal instincts—self-preservation and self-propagation. The first is fulfilled when his need for food, water, shelter and sleep is satisfied. The second is fulfilled when his need for mating and for love is satisfied. But that need for mating and love, which we call the sex urge, serves a double function in that it provides man with both recreation and procreation.

The procreative sex instinct is one which we share with all living creatures. The desire for sexual activity as a means of pleasure and contentment, however, is man's alone. But both are essential to man's well-being and happiness. They are the two hands of the clock of life. Remove either and it becomes useless.

Any concept of love that denies the rich spiritual, esthetic and emotional values that lie in the normal sex impulse is one that is destructive of all that is best in man. In some cases, his standards may seem low to others, but at least there is a degree of selectivity which in turn implies a rejection of other values. This is far above the animal level. Deny man this right to choose and you drag him back into the primeval mud from which he has climbed through the centuries.

On the other hand, if you honestly admit that men and women indulge in sexual relations to gain pleasure, satisfaction and contentment, physically and emotionally and spiritually, then you raise it to its proper place. "Sex is God-given," says Rev. Frederick C. Kuether, director

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of the Council for Clinical Training. "Just as each individual has within him the capacity for constructive and spontaneous work, and for leisure and recreation, so every person has a capacity for sexual activity. Indications are that the higher on the scale of civilization the individual or his group, the greater is the capacity for the more personal relationship which is called love."

It is for that reason that sex relationships are so vitally important in middle life. By then, a woman has passed her menopause and all the procreative aspects of sex are ended. The couple can enjoy it without worry about pregnancy.

People talk about platonic love, by which they usually mean a strong bond of affection between two humans in which physical attraction plays no part. Plato had no such thought in mind. What he described in the *Symposium* was a gradual, step-by-step evolution from a purely physical to a purely spiritual plane.

Love began with sexual desire for another person, progressing through various stages of affection, admiration and devotion for the other person's body, mind and soul. It represented the supreme fulfillment, the uplifting and enrichment of man's entire nature.

But it began with physical attraction. And that attraction formed the broad, solid foundation on which a pyramid was built with spiritual devotion as its apex.

4. *The Spiritual*. There is actually no such thing as an entirely spiritual love—any more than there is an entirely physical one. In any love

relationship, there is always an element of both, but the amount varies with each individual. No matter how intense a spiritual impulse may be, it must have some outward, tangible expression, even if it is nothing more than holding the hand of the beloved or being in the same room with him.

What is generally considered spiritual love consists of a deep devotion for another without any desire or need for physical manifestation. It demands honesty, fairness, understanding and mutual consideration, yet lacks the attraction of sex to help hold it together. This blending of spiritual and

physical, but with the spiritual predominating, leads to the highest and most satisfying form of love.

5. *The Realistic*. Although spiritual love is unquestionably the highest, most beautiful form of sex expression, it is not one that everyone is capable of achieving. Most of us have to be content with love on less exalted terms.

For this reason, it is important to develop a realistic attitude of love. Such an attitude would seem to require no definition. It combines all the others in varying degrees—the romantic, physical, procreative and spiritual. As indicated earlier, there is a certain amount of overlapping in all, and the difference between them consists in the degree of emphasis an individual places on each attitude.

A romantic attitude, for instance, will undoubtedly have strong physical and even spiritual elements, but predominantly it will view love in



terms of Prince Charming and Sleeping Beauties. Or a spiritual attitude may even possess strong physical aspects.

In some respects, a realistic attitude may be the most difficult to attain, but once attained, it can bring the greatest happiness. To achieve it requires considerable maturity, and that maturity can be gained only by considerable living and personal experience with the world and its people.

The acceptance of one's own sex nature and its incorporation into a "rational life-plan" entails the abil-

ity to view love with a clear eye, to appraise it objectively, and to make use of the elements in each love attitude in order to arrive at a well-balanced, satisfying pattern.

All of us are different, and just as our demands and tastes in food and drink vary, so do our demands and tastes in love. Some of us are romantics, others materialists. The mature woman studies herself carefully and decides what it is she seeks to get out of love. For in the final analysis, unless we can feel that we are receiving as well as giving, no love will ever prove satisfying.

Fooling FDR

PROBABLY NO PRESIDENT took greater enjoyment from joshing friends than did Franklin Delano Roosevelt. But FDR could appreciate a joke on himself, too.

During a tour of Fort Knox, where the nation's gold is buried, the President was the responsibility of A. A. Andrews, Jr., then head of the Secret Service district embracing the Fort. Having arrived at the massive doors to the great vaults, FDR expressed a desire to see the gold inside. Andrews explained courteously, but firmly, that no one was permitted inside without express permission from Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau.

"But I'm Mr. Morgenthau's boss," the President said with a twinkle, "and I hereby give permission."

The doors were promptly swung open.

"I'd like to handle one of those gold bars," asked FDR next, and



he got a similar answer. "Sorry, Mr. President," said Andrews, "but we have specific instructions from the Secretary of the Treasury that no one is to touch the gold bars without authorization."

"Again I have to remind you that I am Mr. Morgenthau's superior—" and here FDR was a bit tart "—and I'm giving you the authorization."

"In that case, Mr. President, I'll have to obey," said Andrews, looking relieved.

When the tour ended, FDR made a favorable comment on the courtesy and ability of the Secret Service. Andrews thanked him, adding with a smile, "I'm glad you insisted on handling that gold bar."

"Why?" inquired Mr. Roosevelt pleasantly.

"Because we've been trying for a long time to get your fingerprints recorded and in our files—and now we have them!"—SAM KAHN

A Matter of Taste

by KATE SMITH

IN 1895, Li Hung Chang, Viceroy of China, announced that he would make a diplomatic tour abroad, and all the capitals of the world vied for the honor of receiving him. Great was the joy in San Francisco when it was learned that Li would make his first stop there.

Preparations for the event swung underway with enthusiasm. Speeches were rehearsed, festivities arranged, and when Mayor Adolph Sutro heard that the 73-year-old Viceroy was reputed to be a gourmet, he decided a tremendous banquet should be held in his honor. The Golden Gate city had fine Chinese cooks, and here was a chance to show them off.

He called on the chefs of the best Chinatown restaurants and asked each to prepare his specialty.

When Li arrived, in May, 1896, the city was ready. As each event went off on schedule, the city's joy reached a higher pitch. At last it was time for the supreme moment: the banquet was to start.

Li took the seat of honor, while Mayor Sutro gave a signal. The waiters, one by one, began to file into the room, each marching their dishes past the beaming city council and up to Li. Everybody watched. Which luscious platter of all those held out would he deign to taste first?

The great man hesitated. He fidgeted. And finally he whispered, in

a tearful voice, "Ah, this food! This lovely, beautiful food. I am not, alas, allowed to eat it."

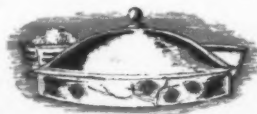
Poor Li was hardly prepared for the stunned silence that greeted his announcement. Indeed, he explained, sadly, he had always been a gourmet, but now he had orders from his physician to eat only the simplest foods.

When the sad news was relayed to the kitchen, the chefs slumped in anguish. But one chef, an old man, spoke with determination. "We will not be defeated by a stomach! I will prepare a dish for the Viceroy."

No one in that gloomy kitchen was very hopeful when the old man began jumbling in one dish all the kitchen scraps he could lay hands on. When he announced the dish was ready, in marched the headwaiter to place the strange affair before His Excellency.

Li took up his fork, shrugged slightly and tasted it. Suddenly he smiled and all the officials smiled with him. The dish was a success!

The concoction which pleased the Viceroy became famous overnight. It spread from San Francisco to Chicago to New York and continued in all directions until it arrived in China. Today, the world has all but forgotten that the Viceroy's dish, Chop Suey (*chop* for miscellaneous and *suey* for small bits), is an American contribution to Chinese cuisine.



Kate Smith stars on the NBC-TV network, Monday through Friday. With the singer on her program is producer-host Ted Collins.

Something for Nothing?

by ZELDA POPKIN

It's time for America to relearn the generous habit of giving praise freely

ONE DAY, AT A GREAT HOSPITAL, I watched a work of human devotion—doctors, nurses and therapists, laboring to salvage the badly wounded of war. I was impressed. I must have had stars in my eyes when I met a neighbor and told him what I had seen.

He brought me down to earth fast. "Yes, but did you also look into the waste and incompetence there?" he demanded. "Did they tell you about the frauds and malingerers? Why, you should hear some of the stories I've heard—"

Maybe I should, but not now, if you don't mind. I'm not an investigating commission, just a citizen who had seen something worthy of praise. Don't I have the right to approve?

"See here," I accused him. "You act as though being enthusiastic was a sin or a crime."

He smiled condescendingly. "Just don't let it make a sucker of you. Don't be taken in. Remember, nothing's as good as it seems."

He spoke, I have since realized, not only for himself but for our times. We are in the day of "yes, but," the era of refusal to praise.

Great things are happening in every aspect of our lives, yet it is fashionable to minimize them. When you mention our shining achievements in science, someone will counter with, "Yes, but we've

also developed the H-bomb." Speak of what we have done in medicine and the retort is likely to be, "Yes, but have you heard about the after-effects of the antibiotics?"

Something has gone sour in America. We have lost the habit of the kind word. It is a state of mind which we may well examine, not merely as a sign of national bad temper but of poor mental health.

How did we get to the point where we shun enthusiasm, distrust a normal pride? I believe it began in the 1920's when the dream of a world made safe for democracy was shattered. Out of the great disillusion came sordid skepticism. The word "debunk" was coined, became part of our language and thinking. With glee we dragged our heroes down from their pedestals, like children smashing their toys. We asked about everything, "What's wrong with the picture?"

There are imperfections in every picture. But there is often beauty and grandeur as well, which we have a right to admire without glancing furtively over our shoulders to make sure we're not being taken in. For that is our dread—that we may be trapped by our own enthusiasms.

It is certainly true that time after time we have been taken in. Promoters have heaped their superlatives on much that is flashy and

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cheap: fads, ideas, personalities have been given such dazzling acclaim that often it's hard to tell true from false. And men we have trusted have proved to have feet of clay.

We do well to be cautious. But, having found what to us is admirable, why not have the courage to say that it is?

On the contrary, we choose to spread "the low-down," the "inside story" about everything. That proves we're "in the know," a step ahead of the "suckers" who merely accept and admire.

I WAS SPEAKING recently with a friend about a famous American who had been the head of an important educational institution.

"He was in a fog all the time he was there," my friend said. "Never once knew the score."

I didn't agree. I told him one single thing which that man had done, without fanfare—a constructive achievement from which all education had benefited.

He raised his eyebrows. "Come, come now. Has his publicity man been talking to you?"

Part of our population blindly accepts the propagandist's picture of public figures—and another part just as blindly rejects.

A Swiss journalist who had reported world news in every country of Europe all through the 1940's made a surprising observation to me. "I have met the heads of every government," he said, "and have talked with all of them. I found each one entirely sincere, believing that he was doing the best that could be done for his country."

That isn't the portrait at which we have become accustomed to

look. The fumbblings, the failures are held up to view, not the man-killing burdens, the grave decisions and the straining sincerity. The man in the street—he who never had to make a big decision and therefore never had the chance to make a big mistake—plays grandstand quarterback to history. To him, no man in public life and authority remains a hero or even an honest tryer.

Then there's Big Business. That, too, gets its share of the sour grimaces. It is cold, heartless, impersonal. Maybe so. But a small boy who wished to transport his dog on a train which had no baggage car, will swear otherwise. His proudest possession is a railroad pass, written out for "Brownie" by a vice-president of the railroad.

And take that gross current slander against the whole human race: that no one does anything for anyone without an ulterior motive. A friend of mine befriended a stranger, an attractive, sensitive girl who was alone in the city and was in serious trouble. Her friendship consisted of standing by, feeding the girl now and then, seeing her frequently. The girl was grateful.

When her father finally came, she told him about her friend and was shocked at his answer. "Why did that woman do that? What does she expect to get out of it? No one ever does anything for you for nothing, you know."

Few things are more rare than the man or woman who is wholly evil. Every case of double-dealing and callousness can be matched by one, at least, of kindness and helpfulness. Is it naive to mention them, or to refuse to join the wailing chorus which calls the youth of today

the "beat-up generation," when it isn't that at all?

"I wouldn't exactly call myself that," one of that generation said recently. "I did my stint in the war, like most of the guys. I came home and found the G.I. bill. It gave me the opportunity to get a college degree and a chance to get married. We had our first baby in campus barracks. When I got my job, we bought a house—a fair-to-middling house but it's a better one than my parents ever had. We've got two kids, a car, and we figure we're doing all right."

Match him against the young woman whom I found with her head in her hands, whimpering, "It's all so confused and hopeless. Your generation has left us a horrible mess."

The last half-century has not been altogether one of defeat and

despair. There has been betterment. Our aged people enjoy the dignity of Social Security, earned in their tax-paying lives. The right of each man to freedom from hunger has become part of our creed. Children no longer toil in our factories and mines; their fathers work fewer hours a week. Our schools and our health have improved; our homes are more comfortable.

True, criticism is healthy; but praise is even more so. Like the sun, it brings needed warmth in which we expand and grow. We begin to believe in ourselves because others believe in us and, as a consequence, we gain strength and faith.

Praise is the hand up the ladder. Without it we stumble and halt in half-achievement or defeat. It is the balm which takes off the rough edges of living and gives our existence grace and meaning.



Headline Hash

HEADLINE in an Oregon paper: Broadcasters to Look into Plunging Gowns.

HEADLINE in an Illinois paper: Fatherless Husbands Now Face Service.—NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*)

IN A New York paper: Engaged Pair Cop Top Honors at Dog Show.
—HENRY HANCK

FROM A California paper: Judge Warns on Tampering in Union Suit.

IN A Florida daily: Bird Lovers To Hear Bald Eagle Lecture.

FROM a New York paper: Burglar Gets \$200 in Women's Underwear.
—DICK MICKS

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JANUAR

Jungle Hunter without a Gun

by DAVID A. WEISS

How one man's campaign won the fight to save African wild-life from extinction

ONE RAINY AFTER-NOON in 1946, a weather-beaten safari car cruised down the streets of Nairobi, capital of Kenya Colony, and sloshed to a halt in front of the *East African Standard* Building. Out stepped a tall, tanned man with the sandy hair and clipped mustache so typical of British colonials. Walking briskly into the newspaper office, he handed the editor a packet of letters.

"Surely you don't want me to print these?" the editor said in surprise.

The tall Englishman just smiled. And when the letters were published under the pseudonym "Old Settler," a wave of excitement rippled through the Kenya. White-suited colonials sipping whiskey and soda in Nairobi's hotels could hardly believe the print.

"Kill all the wild animals in East Africa," the Old Settler demanded. "Machine-gun the herds. Plant land mines at the waterholes. Have RAF planes drop poison meat on the plains. But kill, kill every one! They are standing in the way of progress."

All East Africa raised howls of protest. Killing animals for sport



was one thing; slaughtering them was another. Indignant letters streamed into the newspaper. A mass meeting was held in Nairobi. So much hullabaloo was created that the government was forced to act. On December 24, 1946, it set up a large game reserve outside Nairobi in which Kenya's animals were protected by law from the

whizzing bullets of civilization.

The appointment of Col. Mervyn Cowie as director of the reserve, which was officially named Nairobi National Park, surprised no one in Kenya. A former big-game hunter, he had long fought to save East Africa's wild-life from extermination. His very name had become synonymous with the struggle to establish game sanctuaries. But only his real name. As the *Standard's* editor could verify, the name Cowie used in signing his letters was "Old Settler."

What eased Cowie's fingers off his rifle trigger was the change he noticed when he returned to Africa after studying at Cambridge in the 1920's. Kenya, a hunter's paradise, was showing signs of lead poisoning. "Sportsmen" were killing hundreds

of rhino a year; some were even turning machine-guns on the herds.

Lion, giraffe, rhino, zebra—everything on four feet was leaving Kenya either a hunter's victim or a refugee trying to escape into other sections of East Africa.

Figuring that as the animals went so did the fortunes of Kenya, Cowie embarked on his long struggle to establish national parks. But even though he hounded influential people and pleaded his cause at the Colonial Office in London, he met only apathy. In 1939, when he enlisted in the British Army, he would not have wagered a shilling on the chances of a game preserve.

By 1945, the situation was so desperate he wrote the Old Settler letters. But then, even though he won official recognition for Nairobi park, his problems were just beginning. Almost before he could count his lions, 12 preserves were created in Kenya, not only big-game sanctuaries but scenic parks like Aberdare, in the beautiful shadow of the Aberdare mountains.

Today, Mervyn Cowie supervises domains of 40,000 square miles. Like a tight-rope walker, he has edged ahead, balancing the interests of all concerned with the parks, the tourists, the government, the natives who live there and, of course, the wildlife. Wooing the animals back was no easy task. But Cowie and his staff of 100 rangers started a hospitality program. By replenishing salt licks, impounding flood waters and enforcing no-shooting regulations in the parks, they have accomplished miracles.

Rangers report all kinds of jungle animals now residing permanently in the parks. And the lions feel so

much at home that sometimes they cross the barbed-wire fence and stroll Nairobi's streets at night.

This makes Nairobi the world's only city with a jungle zoo only four miles from its center. And the show that lions put on for the 4,000 weekly visitors to the Park is spectacular. Casually they meander through the parked cars, calmly swishing their tails.

Two years ago, when all Kenya turned out for the visit of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, Cowie held his breath, hoping his charges would rise to the royal occasion. He wasn't disappointed. In Tsavo National Park, when Elizabeth stepped across a rope bridge, a huge bull elephant lumbered to within ten yards, gave her a watery stare, then swung away trumpeting loudly.

That night, the royal party kept eyes and cameras focused on a salt-lick. Thanks to the floodlights that Cowie set up, they saw baboons skittering through the trees, rhinos snorting at the water's edge and a herd of 40 elephants frolicking.

Some of Cowie's charges are decidedly dangerous: running around the parks are dozens of ferocious species. Fortunately no human has been killed yet, but rangers have been attacked by water buffalo and charged by rhino.

One moonlight night several years ago, Cowie was driving to Nairobi. Near Kibwezi, a lion, lioness and three cubs charged suddenly out of the bush. He quickly pressed the accelerator to the floor. When the car jerked forward, the lions gave chase.

Snarling and roaring, they bounded after him, slashing at the



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tires with teeth and claws. When Cowie switched gears at the bottom of a hill, one lion gave a mighty leap and landed on the car top. Cowie grimly kept driving. His hands on the wheel didn't relax until the lion jumped off five minutes and some half dozen miles later.

All Mervyn Cowie could say when he got back to Nairobi was, "I certainly was lucky I wasn't driving an open jeep!"

The lions often become more than a nuisance when they become bored with their usual fare and surroundings. Chief victims are cattle owned by natives. Because of an old treaty signed with Queen Victoria, the cattle-herding Somalis have a right to live on land encompassed by Nairobi Park.

Although Cowie can be tough as a rhino dealing with natives who poach ivory in the parks or start fires, he is gentle as an antelope sympathizing with those who suffer losses from the parks' animals.

Recently, while escorting some Americans through the Marsabit Reserve, a native rushed into the safari lodge.

"Rhino, *bwana*," he jabbered excitedly. "Rhino run wild!"

Sadly, Cowie walked into the thatched hut and picked out his biggest rifle. As much as he hated killing animals, he knew a mad rhino charging through native villages would have to be destroyed.

When he put only one cartridge in his rifle, the Americans were astounded. One bullet for a rhino,

one of the jungle's most vicious beasts? They asked the reason why.

Cowie just smiled and apologized for leaving. Not until his safari car was speeding down the faintly-marked road did a ranger explain.

"That's Colonel Cowie's way of making sure the rhino won't suffer," he said. "If he had two bullets, he might be tempted to get sloppy and only wound it. With one—well, he *has* to make good!"

Three days later, Cowie tracked the mad rhino to a grassy clearing. Crouching in a thorn thicket, he waited expectantly 100 yards away. Picking up the scent, the rhino snorted, wheeled, lowered his horned head and charged.

Two tons of fury came thundering over the plain. Now 75 yards . . . now 50 yards. Cowie squeezed the trigger. Almost at his feet the huge beast crashed, dead, to earth, a bullet in its brain.

A friend to animals, Cowie is also a nursemaid. He always tries to return a stray lion cub to its mother, even if it means trailing the lioness and planting the cub in her tracks. If the cub is still abandoned when he returns the following day, he has been known to take it home with him.

No wonder the Cowies' thatched-roof home in Nairobi Park looks like a zoo. Everything from a baby ant-bear to a baby crocodile has been a guest here.

Cowie visited the U. S. in 1950 to tour America's national parks. Not only the scenic beauty of Yo-

semitite and Yellowstone impressed him but also the way they were administered. Soon after returning to Africa, he began constructing more safari lodges, erecting a radio network between ranger stations and training African guides to escort tourists—all ideas he picked up studying the U. S. parks.

Few Americans who met the tall Englishman realized that he was a prominent figure, chiefly because Cowie must rank among the world's ten most modest men. Last December, an American friend was surprised to receive a letter from him, postmarked London.

"I've flown up here," he wrote, "to see *Where No Vultures Fly*, a movie about our part of the country."

When the friend spotted Cowie in a newsreel shaking hands with Elizabeth, he found out what the East African had failed to mention: (1) *Where No Vultures Fly*, the British Command Film Performance for 1951, was based on his struggle to establish parks in Kenya; and (2) it was dedicated to him. In the U. S., the movie was released by Universal-International under the title, *Ivory Hunter*.

Just as Cowie's struggle to establish parks furnished the theme for

Ivory Hunter, so did his biggest official headache give the film its dramatic punch. Since the park system was inaugurated in 1946, Cowie has been plagued by a huge crime syndicate based in India which sends native killers into the jungles, hunting for ivory. Although the tall Englishman would hesitate shooting a lion except in self-defense, he would gladly unleash poison gas on the poachers who shoot poison arrows into rhinos and elephants and leave them dying in agony, to become food for vultures.

So far, he is winning the battle against them. Thanks to new park roads which enable rangers in jeeps to patrol increasingly larger areas, more and more poachers are being nabbed and sent to jail in Nairobi.

Today, Mervyn Cowie is a happy man. Encompassed by Kenya's parks is a part of East Africa as it was in his grandfather's day, teeming with wild-life. The animals are obviously content. So are the tourists who travel the parks' dusty roads to see jungle nature in the raw. All of this has been made possible by a modest Englishman who decided, back in 1946, that the crusader's pen was mightier than the hunter's rifle.



Nobody Asked Me, But:



AIRLINE HOSTESSES always look as if they are enjoying a secret joke.

GUYS WHO LIKE TO USE cigarette holders rarely care for girls who do.

IS THERE ANYTHING more inedible than warm cantaloupe?

GUYS WHO take off their glasses and polish them in the middle of a debate seldom lose arguments.

PEOPLE in air-cooled offices complain more about the heat than most.

—JIMMY CANNON (*New York Post*)

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There Are Secrets Behind . . .

MARY MARGARET'S MAGIC

by CURTIS MITCHELL

MARY MARGARET MCBRIDE was having a birthday party. All her friends had been invited, and now they were coming.

Their cars, stained with the mud and dust of a dozen states, jammed the streets for blocks around the Yankee Stadium in New York. They debouched endlessly from adjacent subway and "L" stations. Disheveled but good-natured, they pressed against the police lines drawn up to herd them through the turnstiles.

Stadium doormen had never seen such a day—women, women and more women—Mary Margaret's faithful listeners come to help celebrate her 15th birthday in radio, to show their allegiance to her program.

That day in 1949, when 54,000 of them stood in bleachers and grandstand to sing "Happy Birthday, Mary Margaret," saw one of the biggest birthday parties in American history. Since then, Mary Margaret has led her army of followers from one commercial triumph to another.

In 1952, the Sales Executives Club of New York named her one of America's 12 greatest salesmen, the solitary woman in a group which includes such persuasive males as James A. Farley and

Conrad Hilton. An advertising trade magazine has stated, "Mary Margaret McBride is perhaps the most outstanding example of reliance upon the word of a human being in the commercial field."

To the immense audience which listens to her over the stations of the American Broadcasting Company, Mary Margaret can do no wrong. Their faith in her has moved unprecedented mountains of merchandise for her sponsors.

Each weekday, from one until two, EST, she and her guests sit before two small microphones in her New York apartment-studio, and in millions of homes activity ceases. Out of the station-break hush comes the music of "Beautiful Lady," and then the voice of Vincent Connelly, saying, "It's one o'clock and here is Mary Margaret McBride." And her magic goes to work.

Mary Margaret faces her guests across an antique table that holds two mikes, her pile of notes and books and a battered green thermos bottle of ice water. The table covering is made specially to combat her habit of picking any ordinary fabric to shreds. Connelly, her announcer, sits at her right.

Usually, she opens her show with some comment about a subject that



excites her. It may be a Broadway play, an art exhibit or a letter from a listener. As she talks, her guests begin to relax, for this is part of her spell.

This is the Mary Margaret her guests see: hair swept back in a graying pompadour, broad but not fat body, generous lines radiating energy and enthusiasm, well-made hands folded into graceful fists. All seems serene and effortless in the best of worlds. Only a few guests discover that her feet twist endlessly about the rungs of her cane-bottom chair.

Few visitors have seen her broadcast since she learned, in 1950, that she could save hours each day by moving her microphones into her home. The cheerful room is lined along two walls with books, eight shelves of them—plus a ninth row jammed between top shelf and ceiling. The third wall supports a painting of clouds. The fourth is all window, with potted plants on the sill and pigeons cooing on the ledge outside.

In a corner, a screen stands as tall as a man, on which one can read hundreds of messages and the signatures of famous folk who have been her guests: senators, governors, generals, a king and queen, stars of stage and screen.

A deep leather chair toward the window is often occupied by Mary Margaret's "girl Friday," Janice Devine, who records the programs. Another is occupied by Stella Karn, Mary Margaret's friend, confidante and manager. It was Stella who first suggested guest interviews and whose astute management has made Mary Margaret one of the highest paid stars in radio, with an

income of at least \$200,000 in 1952, plus royalties for books and magazine articles.

Two-thirds of each program is devoted to guests who comprise the most formidable list of VIP names in the world. After World War II, General Bradley explained why he chose to make his first broadcast to the American public on her program: "Now maybe my wife will think I amount to something."

Robert Sherwood, author and playwright, says, "As her guest, you forget the mike and really enjoy yourself. When she asked me about my book she recited long passages from it, word for word. She has a phenomenal mind."

NEW LISTENERS are always astonished by her voice. Usually, radio voices are mellow, smooth and low, each syllable plump with self-assurance. Not Mary Margaret's. Hers is fluttery, indecisive, school-girlish. Often, her most pertinent comment is an "Oh" or "goodness gracious." Yet, her speech reflects accurately the girl from Missouri who made good in the big city and won't tell a lie.

Probably none of her broadcasts ever provoked so much discussion as the one involving a zipper. That program started with Connelly saying, "It's one o'clock and there is no Mary Margaret . . ."

There had been a slight accident, nothing serious, and meantime Stella Karn took charge. When Mary Margaret burst into the studio, she was smiling and her eyes were bright with a secret too good to keep from her listeners.

"This is probably the most ridiculous thing that ever happened to a

woman. I got zipped into my corset and a piece of me came out. We had to have the doctor to get it off."

A program's success is measured by the merchandise it sells; and by this gauge, Mary Margaret's record is phenomenal. Several springs ago, the New York market was glutted with carrots. A sponsor who was caught with loaded bins asked for her help. Next day Mary Margaret described her favorite carrot dishes, and within a short while, housewives had scooped up every carrot in New York.

Another afternoon, she mentioned her delight with a new candy bar and offered samples. Her mailman brought 16,000 requests. Later, she lost her head over the taste of a certain loaf of bread. The response to this endorsement made an all-time record for a single station broadcast—92,824 listeners writing for extra details.

About one-third of her program is devoted to her 16 sponsors. Any incident may be the peg on which she hangs a commercial. Once she asked Vincent, "How do you like best to eat frozen strawberries?"

Vincent answered, "Oh, I just eat them plain, I guess."

"*Vincent!*" Mary Margaret challenged. "What about strawberry shortcake? Steaming hot crispy-brown shortcake, slit through the middle and slathered with butter? Then the luscious sweet crushed berries and thick yellow cream? You eat and eat and eat."

At least once, a sponsor has learned not to stretch his claims. A soft-drink manufacturer told Mary Margaret that his refreshment was tops in popularity at a certain resort. After mentioning this fact in a

broadcast, she visited that spa, but could find nobody drinking as claimed.

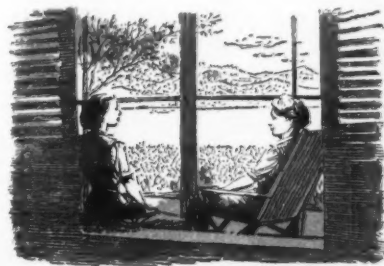
So she went on the air and apologized for having told a lie, pointing out, however, that the drink itself was distilled from nectar and sparkling spring water. Despite the reprimand, the sponsor's business climbed 600 per cent.

There is always a waiting list of advertisers who would like to purchase her services. When the *Dionne* quints were in New York, with time for only one broadcast, they chose Mary Margaret's program. Whenever Rodgers and Hammerstein, producers of such hits as *The King and I* and *Oklahoma!*, open a new show on Broadway, they bring their leading players to her apartment for a broadcast.

Friends who visit her are never surprised to encounter odd experiments in her kitchen. One found several boards smeared with wet enamel. "What's this?" he asked.

"They say it'll dry in one hour," she replied. "I'm finding out."

INTEGRITY COMES NATURALLY TO Mary Margaret. Her grandfather, a circuit-riding Baptist preacher, taught her Latin and Greek, and to live by the Golden Rule. As she grew up, her family



decided she should become a teacher. A wealthy great-aunt enrolled her in William Woods College in Fulton, Missouri, with tuition guaranteed until she got her certificate.

But Mary Margaret dreamed of being a writer. Finally, she went to her aunt and confessed, "I just can't be a teacher. I feel I've got to write."

"Then you must earn your own way," the aunt said.

So at 15, Mary Margaret enrolled on her own at the University of Missouri School of Journalism in Columbia. To support herself, she got a job on a newspaper at \$10 a week, a salary which was paid spasmodically. Her assignment was to report every social event given by the town's matrons, a job on which experienced reporters had failed.

Thinking it out, she reasoned that party-givers invariably serve either ice cream or cakes. Within hours, she had organized the town's bake shops and ice cream parlors into a successful reporting service that was a mystery to her boss.

After graduation, she worked on the *Mexico, Missouri, Ledger*, then the *Cleveland Press*, where she was merely another cub reporter until she covered a Baptist convention and wrote about it as if it were a World Series.

A Baptist who lived in New York read her enthusiastic stories with a gleam in his eye. He was planning a world interchurch movement. "This girl understands what I'm trying to do. Let's bring her to New York," he said. The man was John D. Rockefeller, Sr.

In New York, Mary Margaret sat at a desk in the Inter-Church



pressroom near a female whirlwind named Stella Karn, Western-born, educated in a convent, former press agent for a circus and afraid of neither man nor beast. She and Mary Margaret became fast friends. Later, their partnership would do things that radio men said were impossible.

But first, Mary Margaret was determined to become a successful newspaperwoman. An ex-boss was editing the *New York Evening Mail* and gave her a job.

She, Stella and another friend set up housekeeping in a Greenwich Village apartment. But her newspaper career collapsed when a publisher named Munsey bought her paper and killed it.

Stella had gone into artist management, meanwhile, and Paul Whiteman was a client. She said, "The public would read a good story about jazz. If you'll write it with Paul, I'll bet a magazine would buy it."

Stella was right as usual, and that collaboration with the King of Jazz became a magazine series and a book and started her toward the highest rates in the magazine field.

Out in Kansas City, a young physician, whose diamond ring Mary Margaret had worn since college days, watched her New York success with apprehension. His future was planned, his place the Midwest. She visited him one spring and their long idyll was over.

She went to Europe in 1929, on a magazine assignment, dined and danced with royalty and interviewed every dethroned monarch she could find: Manuel of Portugal, Archduke Otto of Austria, the Sul-

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tan of Morocco, the Shah of Persia, Queen Marie of Yugoslavia. She came home a celebrity in her own right. Later, she returned to Europe and wrote a series of articles, later made into a book, with Prince Christopher of Greece.

When the Depression of 1929 came along, her savings soon vanished. One day she was one of the highest paid writers in America, next day her market dwindled.

Radio station WOR in Newark was looking for a woman who could talk to women. The program would go on the air at 2 o'clock, when nobody listened, and the money was only \$25 a week.

Mary Margaret had never talked, but she was hired. She gave herself a new name, Martha Deane. Dean was a popular baseball player named Dizzy, and Martha was the woman in the Bible who spoke of many things.

The station manager told her to pretend to be a grandmother and a housewife and to talk about cooking and kids. Mary Margaret lied to her WOR mike for several weeks. Then, in the midst of her fourth broadcast, her honesty exploded.

"Look here," she blurted. "I haven't any children and I haven't any grandchildren. I'm not even married. If you will excuse me, from now on I'll tell you about myself, the places I've been and the people I've met."

The manager was aghast, but a deluge of mail applauded her action. An advertiser asked to sponsor her program and was warned away with, "She's too hard to handle. She'll kill herself off in a few weeks."

That was 10,000 broadcasts before. Within a year, so many spon-

sors were clamoring—at their wives' insistence—to back her program, that her earnings jumped from \$25 to \$1,800 a week. Since then she has broadcast over every major network, joining CBS under her own name in 1939, and the flagship station of NBC in 1941.

THE typical McBride day is designed for the single purpose of producing a good broadcast. It demands long hours and endless labor.

Her first job is to find suitable guests. She has one rule: they must be interesting people. Fortunately, many such have written books. She reads from one to three books a day, searching for people whose stories or examples are worthwhile.

Janice Devine, who has worked with her for 16 years, sometimes talks to candidates ahead of time, largely to screen out the hopelessly tongue-tied. More often, Mary Margaret will talk on the phone or digest the folders of clippings her staff assembles.

The book—if the guest has written one—is often her best source and she digests it word by word, marking passages by turning down page corners, memorizing what she needs to know, for she never uses notes during an interview.

At 8 A.M. she wakens and turns on her radio. What is the day's news? What are other programs discussing that might conflict with her own? By 10, she knows, and her cook brings breakfast.

At 11, she turns to her mail. Her secretary for the last 25 years is Hilda Deichler, the girl who typed the first story she ever sent to a magazine. It is a McBride-and-Karn policy that every letter must

be answered. Mrs. Deichler supervises the typing and Mary Margaret signs at least 400 a day.

Next there is last-minute work on her 1 o'clock program: In what order she will present her guests; what readers' letters will be read. After the broadcast, she may sit with a visitor while Myra, her housekeeper, serves lunch. Later, she will read or visit with friends, then work on her nationally syndicated daily newspaper column.

Usually, she returns early to work on tomorrow's program. About 10, she gets into bed with a stack of new books, still searching for guests. At 2 or 3 A.M., she turns out the light.

For relief from pressure, there is Stella's farm. On weekends, they drive 100 miles north to a Catskill farmhouse. Up there, she admits, she thinks often of her own life. Is it being well spent?

In 1939, the University of Missouri made her the first woman to

receive its medal for Distinguished Service to Journalism. Governor Lloyd C. Stark proclaimed November 22nd as Mary Margaret McBride Day, and two network recordings of her program are played each week to American armed forces overseas. Four foreign countries and cities have voted her medals. In 1946, King Haakon of Norway himself sent her a medal, and the *Christian Herald* named her Disciple of the Year.

Her best answer lies in the act of a little old lady who attended a broadcast several years ago and left behind her a box addressed to Mary Margaret. In it was a cut-glass bowl with a note:

"This bowl is the last of my wedding presents, and I want you to have it. They are taking me away tonight to the old folks' home. Goodbye and thank you for the many hours of happiness your program has brought me."

How to Keep a Man

BE CHANGEABLE. Changeable women are more enduring than monotonous ones, however unpleasant some of their changes may be. They are sometimes murdered, but seldom deserted. —GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

MEN HATE TO BE misunderstood, and to be understood makes them furious. —EDGAR ALLAN POE

NEVER ASK your husband if he loves you—it embarrasses him, regardless of whether he does or whether he doesn't. —ANONYMOUS



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Denmark's Unkingly King

by PERCY KNAUTH

THE LITTLE LAND of Denmark, lying like a bridge of islands and peninsulas between northern Germany and Sweden, is by any standard a pretty happy place. Its people love to ride bicycles, and their country accommodates them by being largely level. An agricultural nation about half the size of Maine, Denmark has more cows and pigs (5,100,000) than people (4,300,000), and the milk, butter, cheese and bacon they provide have steady customers all over the world.

The Danes have enjoyed the freedom of an enlightened democracy for more than a century, but they still pay honest respect and devotion to a monarchy founded 1,000 years ago by Gorm the Old. And to brim their cup of content, their

present King, Frederik IX, is just about the most popular man in the country.

He is an unusual king, this Frederik IX who rules the Danes, a man of many talents and pursuits. When he assumed the throne some six years ago, he had more to live up to than merely being a capable ruler.

His father, Christian X, in 35 years of rule, had won an almost legendary popularity—he was the “King on Horseback” who every day, through two world wars and the German occupation, rode out among his subjects alone and unguarded, setting for every Dane an example of simple dignity and democratic ways.

When the old King died, Frederik IX, then 48, faced not only the

heavy duties of a kingship in uncertain times but also the delicate task of filling, by his own behavior, the hearts left empty by his father's death. And he succeeded admirably. The Danes have come to love him not only as an able sovereign but also as a colorful and folksy man, a musician, yachtsman, strong man, devoted father and husband, and a friend to all of them.

Frederik is in many ways a most unkingly king. He is a passionate lover of music, who has often said that if he had not been born to the throne, he would be a professional musician. He is an excellent sailor whose second great passion is the open sea.

He has three charming and impish young daughters, one of whom—Princess Margrethe, now 13—will some day, thanks to a recent na-

tional referendum, become Denmark's first Queen in 550 years. With them and his beautiful Swedish-born wife, he lives simply and unassumingly in the pomp of royal palaces.

He is a sober, conscientious monarch who shares the responsibilities of government with the Parliament much as an American president shares them with Congress. But, like his father, he never hesitates to lend a personal helping hand to his subjects when they need it.

Carl Hansen, a stove repairman in the town of Hilleroed, learned this one day a year or so ago. Hansen was riding to work on his bicycle when, suddenly, his front wheel turned on a stone in the road and sent him sprawling.

A passing motorist saw the accident, jammed on his brakes and ran over to assist the stunned man lying in the road. When Hansen came to, he found his head was resting in the arms of the King.

If this seems somewhat out of keeping for a king, it is entirely in character for Denmark's ruler. He has been a man of the people who follows his best impulses ever since, as a youth, he broke a tradition centuries old and joined the Danish Navy as a midshipman. Nearly all of Denmark's 38 previous kings have been Army men, serving their time in the Cadet Corps when they reached military age. But as Frederik himself once put it, "The sea is my life," and he entered the Navy as a midshipman.

This early training was in part responsible for his democratic outlook; except that he lived at home

The royal couple at their wedding, 1935.



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in the royal palace, he was treated like any other midshipman, receiving his full share of criticism or praise. "A practical and clever officer and a good navigator," is what his superiors at the naval school had to say of him at graduation.

As Crown Prince and commander of a motor torpedo boat squadron—the Danish equivalent of the fast American PT boats—Frederik always kept up his comradely relationship with his brother officers. At an officers' dinner once, to which wives had been especially invited, he missed the wife of a friend. Inquiring after her, he was told that she had had to stay at home and mind the baby because the couple couldn't find a sitter.

Shortly afterward, the Crown Prince disappeared. He turned up half an hour later with the wife and the baby, whom he had fetched in his car. The infant spent most of that evening on the knees of its future king, while the happy young wife was able to dine and dance with her husband and friends.

To this day, King Frederik wears in his belt the dagger which he received when he joined the Danish Navy. It comes in handy for all sorts of things, and he is never without it.

"I don't feel dressed if I don't have it," he said recently. "It is most useful for sharpening pencils, peeling apples, and hunting."

From his naval days, also, comes the King's fondness for tattooing. He is probably the only ruling monarch sporting such elaborate and wonderful designs. Across his expansive chest is spread a Chinese dragon, fangs bared, claws outspread. More dragons ripple and coil along the



The King and Queen cycle unescorted.

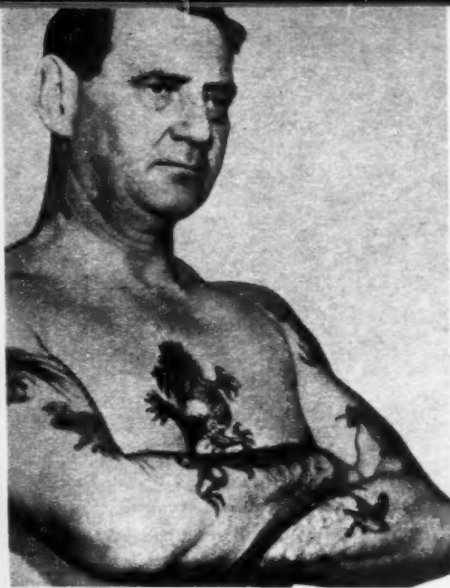
muscles of his arms, and on his left wrist is a flying bird.

The dragon on his chest, by far the fiercest of the lot, was put on more than five years ago by a tattoo artist in London who copied it from a design the King brought to him.

With or without tattoos, there has rarely been a monarch with a more impressive physique than Frederik of the Danes. "A King must be strong and healthy to carry out his arduous duties," he once said, and from his childhood on he has lived up to this self-made rule.

Although not so tall as his skyscraping father (who stood around 6 feet 6 inches in his stocking feet), Frederik IX is still way above the average man with 6 feet 3 inches, and he has built himself up in proportion. He can lift 140 pounds above his head with ease.

For the last 15 years, the King has been building up this truly royal strength by following the body ex-



Dragons mark an impressive physique.

ercises of a Britisher named George Walsh, former weight-lifting champion and Olympic coach. The gratifying result is a 45-inch chest, 15-inch biceps and 24½-inch thighs, dimensions of which Frederik's forbears, who once ruled much of Europe and the British Isles, might well be proud.

Usually Frederik calls on Walsh for some personal coaching whenever he visits England. But on his State Visit two years ago, he had to pass it up. A British newspaper had welcomed the royal Hercules with some pretty startling photographs, showing him stripped to his shorts and flexing his muscles and tattoos. The pictures were published around the world, and the King was not amused.

Like his father, King Christian, Frederik has always preferred to live simply, and in their private

life, he and the Queen have reduced formality and servants to a minimum. Thus it happened that one day a neighbor, passing the royal hunting lodge in which the King and Queen sometimes take short vacations, saw Queen Ingrid through a window washing dishes in the kitchen. Concerned about the reason for this unroyal occupation, the neighbor knocked and asked if she could be of help.

Oh no, the Queen explained; it was only that the maid had become ill that morning. And from the next room, over the hum of a vacuum cleaner, came the familiar deep voice of the King: "So I am doing the cleaning."

THE DANISH royal family are as happy with each other as Denmark is with them. Since the festive day in 1935 when Crown Prince Frederik introduced his bride, the Swedish Princess Ingrid, to his future subjects, the Danes have taken her to their hearts.

Like Frederik, she is unassuming, although she is as regally beautiful as her husband is impressively powerful (they have been called "the world's most handsome royal couple"), and she has reared their three daughters to a simple way of life. Princess Margrethe and her sisters, Princess Benedikte, 9, and Princess Anne-Marie, aged 7, are learning not only how to act like royalty but also how to live like people.

How normal they are was confirmed to pretty much all Denmark one afternoon when the Danish State Radio broadcast the royal family's daily teatime. Over the air waves went King Frederik's rebuke

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to Princess Margrethe: "You've got your feet on the table. Sit properly!"

Back came the Princess, like a million daughters the world over: "I *do* sit properly"—before obeying.

They are a sprightly trio, these three blonde, blue-eyed little girls. Like their father, they love a good joke, and they were as delighted as he was when he came back one day from swimming with this chuckling story:

"For a long time," he told his family, "I have had the most ardent desire to throw the bath attendant into the pool. Today"—he paused impressively—"I did throw him in."

Like their father, the three Princesses have a high degree of musical talent. The two older daughters play the piano and, as often as possible, attend the concerts at which the King conducts.

But like any little girls, they also have their moments of just plain naughtiness and noise. His daughters, the King admitted once, were "as charming as anyone else's. But," he added with a disarming smile, "sometimes you do feel you could strangle them."

In their informal life, it is not at all unusual to meet the King browsing through some bookstore or music shop in Copenhagen, or the Queen shopping with a friend on bicycles.

Like Christian X, King Frederik never has a bodyguard; he moves among his people without fear. And he is proud of the tributes he receives of their liking for him, like the present sent to him on his 50th birthday by a nine-year-old boy.

It was a pack of cigarettes—Frederik's love of tobacco is well

known—with a note explaining that he had bought them with two kroner given him by his mother as a reward for having two teeth pulled. "I wanted to send cigars," the letter ended, "but Father wouldn't give me any of his."

For all his varied activities as King and head of a family, Frederik's greatest relaxation lies in music. As a boy, he learned piano and violin, both of which he plays often for the Queen and his daughters. Of Danish music, from children's choruses to opera and ballet, he has been a steady and enthusiastic patron who will often drop in informally on rehearsals, to listen, to make suggestions, or even to take the conductor's baton himself.

On one occasion, King Frederik, who has been a passionate devotee of the ballet since he was taken to



The athletic King dances a vigorous reel.

JANUARY, 1954

his first performance at the age of three, broke all royal precedent to lead the public in homage to a prima ballerina.

In February, 1950, Margot Lander, star of the world-famous, 200-year-old Danish Royal Ballet, gave her last performance before retiring. The King and Queen were present and, as the prima ballerina stepped before the curtain for a final bow, Frederik rose in his box and called for silence.

"Thank you, Margot Lander," he said with deep emotion, "for this wonderful evening and for the beautiful art with which you have thrilled your audiences. Three cheers for Margot Lander!" And in the Royal Theater, that respectable temple of the arts, the rafters rang at the King's command.

Frederik's musical passion has, however, found its fullest expression

in conducting orchestras. As a Boy Scout, he first waved his baton over a group of music-loving friends, and from then on yearned to try his merits with real professional musicians.

He remembers as "one of the proudest days in my life" the occasion when, as a young Crown Prince, his father let him conduct the Royal Life Guards' famous band after a Grand Dinner in honor of his birthday. It has become a tradition, since then, for the King to top off his birthday celebration by leading this picturesque band.

His repertoire of music is as wide as his reputation as a conductor is excellent. Wagner is his favorite composer, but he has led Danish orchestras through the works of classical composers from Beethoven to Sibelius.

A serious student of music, he knows most of his scores by heart,



Margrethe and Benedikte setting table.



A Greenlandic costume for Anne-Marie.

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but when occasion demands, he is capable of *tours de force*: he once conducted "Cavalleria Rusticana" after only a few piano run-throughs and one dress-rehearsal.

Most of his performances have been restricted to family and friends, for King Frederik is diffident about trading on his kingly rank in music as in most other things. He has at times included visiting conductors among the guests at his concerts, and they speak highly of his sensitivity and ability.

On one memorable evening not long ago in Stockholm, he led the orchestra of the Royal Opera through some Wagner selections before the King and Queen of Sweden, King Haakon of Norway, Queen Ingrid and most of the other leading members of Scandinavia's royal families.

At the end of the performance,



The Queen and queen-to-be gather peas.



The musician-King conducts a rehearsal.

Frederik stepped down from the podium, disappeared into the wings and returned with a large bunch of flowers which he presented to Brita Hertzberg, the Swedish Court Soprano who had sung for them. Then, bending gallantly from his 6-foot 3-inch height, he bowed and kissed her on the cheek.

King Frederik has also, in strict privacy, conducted compositions of his own. None of his music has ever been published, however, and until recently he has also steadfastly refused to release for general sale any recordings of his concerts.

But when a State lottery was organized a short time ago for the benefit of Danish tuberculosis victims, the King lifted his ban and personally donated 32 private recordings to be sold at auction in the anti-TB drive. They fetched high prices, and are treasured today as collector's items.

The Danes, a modern and progressive people in an ancient, story-book land, feel they have reason to be proud of their King. They see no

paradox in their mixture of democracy and monarchy, because they feel that they enjoy advantages from both.

Their own voice in their government is powerful and secure, yet their elected representatives can share responsibility with the revered symbol of an old and beloved royal tradition which has been strong enough in the people's hearts to survive the revolutions introducing the democratic age. Much of this feeling is due to the fact that Denmark has long been fortunate in that it has had a succession of friendly, democratic, genuinely understanding sovereigns.

The Danes given reason to believe they would be fortunate again when they first met Frederik IX as King, on the day when he

spoke to them, just after his father died, as their new ruler:

"I pray to God," said Frederik that day, "to give me strength to carry on. I hope to make myself worthy of the people's confidence, and that the reliance you had in my father will be entrusted to me."

At the end of his brief address, as the guns boomed a salute to the new King above the bells tolling a requiem for the old, he bent and kissed his Queen, standing in deep mourning at his side.

"And now," he turned to his people again, holding Queen Ingrid's hand in his, "it is up to us to try to live by the example set for us by the old royal couple."

There are few Danes who would deny that King Frederik and Queen Ingrid have done that, and more.



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JANUARY

Leave It to Sound!

by GEORGE W. KISKER

The new science of ultrasonics goes to work as the silent servant of mankind

EVER SINCE MRS. CAVEMAN started the first weekly washing by pounding her husband's fur shorts on a rock in the creek, women (and men) have been looking for easier ways to do their daily chores. Every new labor-saving device has been met with shouts of joy. But the loudest shouts are still to come.

Science has now come up with a gadget that may one day launder our clothes, cook our meals, clean our dishes and sweep our rugs. And this is only the beginning.

Want to get rid of flies, mosquitoes, roaches, mice? Then this is the device for you. Set it up in your kitchen, garage or cellar and it will stun, kill or drive away any pest within its range.

What is this versatile gadget? It's simply a whistle, but a strange kind of whistle. The human ear can't even hear it.

The technical name for "silent sound"—tones that can't be heard by the human ear—is ultrasonics. Fascinating research is being carried out to discover how these ultrasonic sounds can be put to work for mankind.

When we hear a sound of any kind it is because some object is vibrating and setting up air waves

that strike our eardrums. However, the human ear is constructed in such a way that most of us experience sound only when the vibrations are between about 16 and 16,000 per second. If there are too few or too many vibrations we don't hear anything.

Ultrasonic or "silent sounds" occur when there are more than 20,000 vibrations per second. Since most animals, birds and insects have much more sensitive hearing organs than man, they are able to hear many sounds that are above the range of human hearing.

The first instrument developed to produce ultrasonic sounds was built 70 years ago by the great British scientist, Sir Francis Galton. His "hydrogen whistle" could produce 100,000 vibrations each second. Modern science has been able to boost the number of sound vibrations to five or six million per second by using air sirens, electromagnetism, gas current generators and, most recently, barium titanate ceramics. In one case it was possible to reach one *billion* vibrations per second!

Ultrasonics, high above our range of hearing, affect us in many ways. A group of scientists in England set

up an ultrasonic transmitter on a fire escape of a building and pointed the beam of silent sound down the street. People walking there were later stopped and asked if they had noticed anything unusual. Most admitted that they had felt "peculiar" and "strange" sensations that couldn't be described.

The most direct effects of ultrasonic sound are experienced by men and women exposed for long periods to the noise of aircraft engines. Drs. A. L. Finkle and J. R. Poppen studied a group of Navy volunteers who were exposed to the sound of a turbo-jet engine during a six-week period. Most of the men became tired and irritable, and more than half lost from five to 19 pounds in weight. Feelings of dizziness and a sense of "impending doom" were also reported.

For many years silent sound was a laboratory curiosity, but recently its practical possibilities have been recognized. F. C. Harwood, Director of the British Launderers Research Association Laboratory, says that the day is not very far off when ultrasonic vibrations will be used to clean soiled clothing. "The high-frequency sound waves are far more effective in water than in air," explains Mr. Harwood, "and will literally shake dirt out of clothing."

A new type of ultrasonic vacuum cleaner is to come. Instead of having a series of revolving brushes to sweep the dirt out of the rug, the cleaner will "beam" ultrasonic sound waves into the rug. The high-frequency vibrations will dislodge the dirt and the suction tube will suck the dirt into the bag.

The dishwasher of the future is likely to work in the same way.

Ultrasonic vibrations will remove the food particles from dishes, pans and silverware, and will do a complete job of sterilization at the same time, since ultrasonic waves are death to most of the common forms of bacteria.

Even our cooking may someday be done with silent sound. When sound vibrations get into the hundreds of thousands or millions, the vibrations produce heat. Scientists have already shown that it is possible to boil eggs by this method. The ultrasonic stove isn't in your appliance showroom yet. But it is a good deal closer than most people imagine.

One place around the home where ultrasound is already in use is the garage. We have become accustomed to the "electric eye" that will open the garage door whenever the beam of light is broken. Unfortunately *any* car pulling into the driveway will open the door. With the "electric ear" only *your* car can open the door.

It works like this. Your car is fitted with a small ultrasonic device that sounds a beam of silent sound whenever you press a button on the dashboard. A small microphone above the garage door picks up the sound waves and sets off a mechanism to open the doors. The advantage is that the microphone can respond only to the number of vibrations sent out by your car. No other sound will open the doors.

When the ultrasonic experts get together there is no telling what they will come up with. When it was discovered that high-frequency sound waves could knock the dirt particles out of smog, smoke and fog, the ultrasonic engineers sat

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down to figure out how they could put it to a practical use. The city of tomorrow may have its atmosphere "dry cleaned" by a series of radiation centers which will send ultrasonic waves into the sky to break up smoke and fog.

Ultrasound is also likely to help the farmer. Experiments have already shown that if you whistle at a seed potato (that is, treat it with ultrasonic radiation), the potato will flower earlier and yield more than 50 per cent more. Other vegetables, like peas, will yield far more than usual. It is also possible to sterilize milk and other liquids by means of silent sound.

The deadly nature of silent sound was discovered quite by accident by a French scientist named Langevin who was experimenting with underwater sound signals. To his amazement he discovered that when he focused high-frequency sound through the water, the fish that swam into the beam were stunned; and that by raising the number of

sound vibrations he could paralyze or even kill them.

There was a rumor during World War II that Hitler was attempting to develop a secret weapon that would paralyze the enemy, that this secret weapon was a gun that "shot" ultrasonic waves rather than bullets. Following the war, an ultrasonic generator was actually found in a German armaments research laboratory.

While a truly effective ultrasonic weapon has not yet been devised, silent sound may be used in pest control. High-frequency sounds will stun flies so that they can be picked off the walls. Sound vibrations of an even higher frequency will kill roaches, and very high ones, mice.

They could even be used to kill rats, but it is unhealthy to kill them in their holes. To get around this, ultrasonic "mating calls" can be produced and the rats trapped when they come out of their holes in response to the lure of the mechanical Pied Piper.

Mistaken Identity

ONE DAY WE DECIDED to visit Hobe Sound, where some of the four hundred have their estates.

We had taken a picnic lunch to eat on the beach but a windstorm blew up and was swirling the sand all about, so I suggested eating in one of the beautiful private cabanas as the millionaires wouldn't be down to bathe in this bad weather.

We had just laid out sandwiches on a beautiful mosaic inlaid table and were reclining on luxurious, cushioned couches when we heard voices approaching. I ran out of

the cabana—and into a lady and gentleman.

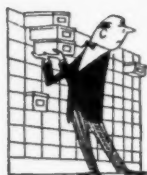
I was about to stutter an apology when the woman turned green in the face and, before I could speak, said, "Please forgive us for trespassing on your property. We'll leave at once."

"Why," I said, "just take your time and look around."

As I started back to the cabana I heard her say to the man, "Gee, these millionaires aren't so bad after all!"

—From a forthcoming autobiography by Juliet Lowell





GRIN AND SHARE IT



THE OTHER DAY a woman went into a shoe store to purchase a pair of pumps, but proved very difficult to fit. The bored clerk explained it to her by saying, "Madam, one of your feet is larger than the other."

She didn't buy.

In the next store the task proved equally arduous, but here the alert, smiling clerk smoothed the woman's still ruffled feelings by remarking, "Madam, did you know that one of your feet is smaller than the other?"

He sold her two pairs of shoes!

—Wall Street Journal

A YOUNG MOTHER with a brand-new baby boarded a bus in Vancouver, B. C., only to find the last seat had just been taken. She prepared to stand but the bus didn't move. Then the driver rose. "Here you are, lady," he called. "Have my seat. I won't need it while you're standing up."

There was a second of silence, then a ripple of guilty laughter as several people sprang up and the mother slipped gratefully into a seat.

—Maclean's

A FIRST-GRADE TEACHER claims the younger generation is way ahead of progressive education. Last week she was working on her first reading lesson—a method of teaching first grade reading in which a

sentence is presented with a picture illustrating the words. She held up two different pictures of a hen sitting on a nest and read aloud the words under the drawings.

"I am a little brown hen. Soon I will have little brown chicks."

"I am a little red hen. Soon I will have little red chicks."

From the back of the room, a boy's clear voice marveled, "Can you beat that? Both of those hens are pregnant!"

—M. H. KELLEY

A POLITICIAN WAS MAKING A campaign speech: "My candidate is as honest a man as money can buy." The sudden laughter which greeted this remark made the speaker realize he had slipped, so he hastened to add: "He never stole a dollar in his life—and all he asks is a chance."

—EVAN ERBE, *The Humor of Humor* (Horizon Press)

IT'S SO HARD to get a good table in a nightclub. I was put so far back that when I asked the guy next to me what was going on he shrugged:

"How should I know? I'm just breasting the veal cutlet for tomorrow's menu."

—JAN MURRAY

HORACE DUTTON TAFT, late headmaster of the Taft School, was noted for his strictness as a disciplinarian—and also for his sense of humor. There was a school rule

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that unscheduled private vacations, no matter what the excuse, were simply not countenanced. Yet a special problem arose when the son of the headmaster's brother William Howard Taft asked permission to attend his father's inauguration as President of the United States.

After deliberation the request was granted—not, however, as an exception to the rule, but by authority of a new rule duly passed and still in effect. The new rule: "Any boy whose father is elected to the Presidency of the United States shall be permitted to attend the inauguration ceremony."

—*Crusade Courier*



A YOUNG BROOKLYN soldier was on maneuvers in Oregon. Having a few minutes to himself after evening chow, he strolled out into the woods and returned with a handful of rattlesnake rattles.

"Where in the world did you get them?" gasped his alarmed pals.

The lad from Brooklyn beamed broadly. "Off'n a woiim."

—*Mountain Peaks*

BEAUTIFUL ESTHER WILLIAMS was a famous swimmer and holder of many records and championships for her natatorial prowess before she attracted the attention of the movie moguls. Even now, when she is a great movie star, Esther herself will admit that it wasn't her histrionic ability that put her where she is today.

It was the late, the fabulous Fanny Brice, of stage, screen and

radio, who made the classic explanation of the Williams career. An enterprising press agent asked Fanny what she thought of the lovely swimming star.

"Wet, she's a star," replied the creator of Baby Snooks. "Dry, she ain't."

—*Say It Ain't So*, by MAC DAVIS
Dial Press, N. Y., Publishers, Copyright, 1933, by Mac Davis

A MAN WAS MAKING application for employment with a certain industry and asked the personnel manager: "Does your company pay my Blue Cross insurance?"

"No, you pay for it; it's deducted from your salary each month," he was informed.

"Last place I worked they paid for it," the applicant said.

"Did they give you a life insurance policy, too?" the interviewer asked.

"Sure."

"Profit sharing?"

"Sure."

"Two and three-week vacations?"

"Yes, and they had big bonuses, and gifts for your birthday, and—"

"Why did you leave?"

"The company folded."

—*Texas & Pacific Topics*



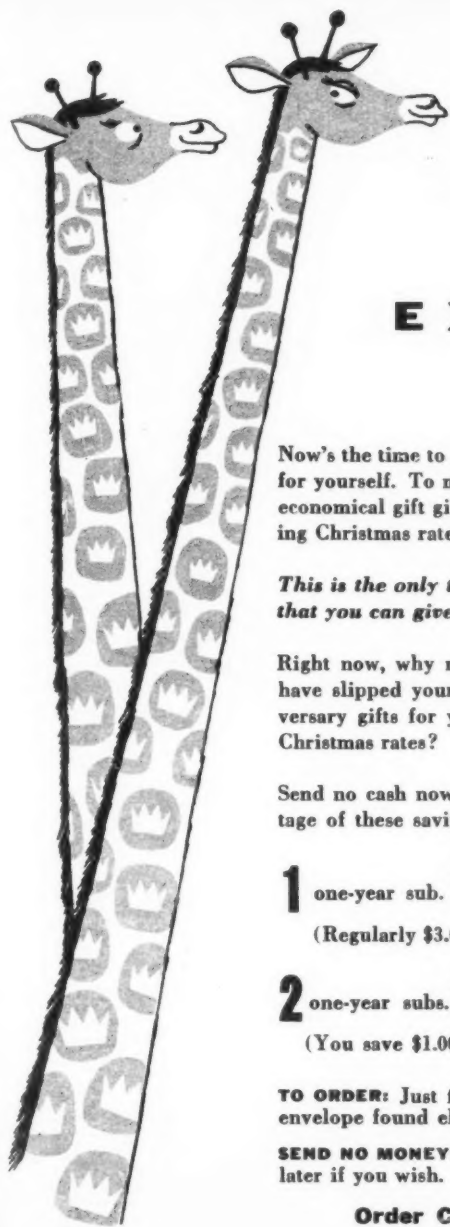
WHEN MICHAEL WILDING came home with both fenders of his Jaguar smashed, his wife, Elizabeth Taylor, pointed to the left one and asked, "What happened?"

"I bumped into a Cadillac."

"What happened to this one?" asked Elizabeth, pointing to the right fender.

Mike shrugged: "The Cadillac bumped me back."

—*SINNEY SCOLLEY*



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Hidden Hands

THE PIANIST finished his brilliant program and took his bows while the audience gave a thunderous ovation. He stood in the center of the stage, in front of the massive grand piano, and smiled pleasantly as the tremendous applause rolled up to him, accompanied by the staccato cries of "Encore! Encore!" which echoed through the hall.

He was a great pianist—one whom his generation recognized as great. His sharpest critics had even labeled him "The Perfect Pianist."

At the age of 11 he had received voluminous applause from American audiences as he toured the country in concerts. At that time, he might have attained even greater renown as a musical figure, but the laws of the day stimulated the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children into bringing action against his manager and ultimately having him restrained, so that his "child-prodigy" concerts were over. Being thus stopped in his tracks, he was taken to Europe to continue his music study.

After he reached maturity and began his public work again, his success was rapid and permanent. Audiences

recognized his worth, and critics were for the most part kind. He alone realized his shortcomings . . . a deficiency in his make-up which could thwart a concert career.

He had a special piano built with narrow keys which he had shipped from one concert hall to another. The piano was so expertly constructed that few people ever realized that the musician's hands were very small—so small that Josef Hofmann could not show his virtuosity on a standard keyboard.

—ERNEST WEIDNER

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*Anne Jeffreys AND Bob Sterling
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